



SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Front Page

Quite a few prominent citizens of Toronto have been giving evidence before the Georgian Bay Fish Commission, and it is interesting to observe the variety of suggestion and divergence of opinion among men who spend a couple of months each summer along that shore. One blames the scarcity of black bass in recent years to the scandalously unsportsmanlike slaughter of fish by American tourists; another has observed that nearly all the fish caught by anglers are females who hover near the breeding-grounds while the males go away to deep water; and each has a different idea of what is needed by way of inspection. Perhaps the Commission would not be far wrong in concluding that everybody and everything combines to exterminate the black bass. Tourists violate the law every day flagrantly by catching too many fish and by taking those that are too small. They do this with the aid of local guides whose occupation will be gone when the fish grow somewhat more scarce, and at night they bring their catch to summer hotels and exhibit their spoils, unrebuked, to landlords whose business will be ruined when these game fish no longer attract visitors. Local fishermen, too, who have nets out for pickerel and go to lift them in the early morning, are not going to return to the water better fish than pickerel if they have on the quiet a ready market for them? Commissions can sit every year, the province can enact new laws annually, and every tenth man along the Georgian Bay can be appointed a fishery overseer, but nothing will be accomplished until an entirely new public opinion is aroused in the towns, villages and settlements along that shore. When town councils take this matter up, when the people hold public meetings to have fish protection discussed, when hotelkeepers whose houses thrive because black bass are to be had in local waters, themselves become vigilant protectors of these game fish, and when villagers and men along shore can no longer openly spend every winter weaving trap nets to be sold and used in violation of the law every summer—then there will be some prospect of maintaining the supply of black bass and other desirable fish in the Georgian Bay. No application of force by the Government can accomplish much, until public opinion in the lake ports takes the side of the inspector as against those who laugh at him.

When the Commission gets through with its work there will be a mass of evidence collected, and this, when summarized, might be printed and scattered broadcast through the lake port towns. People will learn that the black bass is a money-maker for any region fortunate enough to possess it. On that stretch of the Georgian Bay between Penetang and Parry Sound where, ten years ago, thirty thousand islands of bare rock lay unvisited except by gangs of timber-cutters, occasional canoeists and houseboat parties, there have been built in the last six years hundreds of cottages. The building of each cottage required a local expenditure of about five hundred dollars, and each one calls for the local expenditure of from one to two hundred dollars a season. The presence of the cottages brings camping parties and visitors who contemplate building for themselves. The black bass brought these cottages, or rather, completed the attractiveness of the region, with its fine breezes, its boating, its rocks so smooth that dust is unknown. Will these people remain if the waters are scooped empty of fish before they arrive at the opening of the bass season in the middle of June, and will a thousand other cottages be built along that shore in the next five years, as assuredly would be the case if the angler got good sport? The business men in each lake port should take hold of this question. It is easier to preserve than to restore game fish, and each town should have its Fish and Game Club to assist and back up, against all comers, the inspector in the doing of all his duty all the time.

A Niagara Falls man going to St. Catharines to attend a fancy dress ball was so pleased with the appearance imparted to his face by the false whiskers he had pasted on for the occasion, that he decided to wear them on the trolley journey across country. Before he had ridden a mile he was an object of suspicion to everybody in the car. They felt sure that he was an important criminal trying to escape across the frontier. At the first opportunity a telegram was sent ahead with the result that constables boarded the car and unmasked the offender. His explanations were of no avail, of course, because a disguised man could readily trump up some such tale. By the time he had got clear of the trouble he had made for himself he had decided to carry his fancy ball costume henceforth in a suit-case and avoid wearing in public any but the common or garden whiskers natural to his face. In view of this incident, what is one to think of much current fiction and many dramatic plots that hinge on disguises worn by heroes. In a current weekly are portraits of a famous French detective, showing him in various disguises. In not one of those photographs is it possible for a moment to suspect that the whiskers he wears are genuine. This famous French detective would not ride a block in a Toronto street car without his store beard becoming the center of interest. A man, almost or entirely bald, can buy a wig that will pass for genuine, but bogus whiskers are much more difficult. On the stage they are always overdone—they do not blend, somehow, with the personality of the man who wears them. Everybody feels that they did not grow, but were put there complete and ready-made. Yet in current fiction and on the stage, heroes continue to enter their own homes or the houses of their most intimate enemies, disguised only behind a drooping moustache and a pair of green spectacles, although every married man knows that his wife can recognize his footstep on the stair, or his voice in the dark, as readily as she can his handwriting on an envelope. A man can greatly change his appearance by removing a moustache or beard; he will look like a different man, but when he begins tacking ornaments on his features he looks like a freak.

One of the most important measures before the Ontario Legislature is Mr. Pratt's bill to regulate the sale of patent medicines. He would make it compulsory that each bottle of patent medicine should have on its wrapper, printed in English, a statement of the formula on which it is made. The reasons advanced in favor of this legislation concern certain medicines only—such as are disguised whiskies, and those that contain harmful drugs which, used in excess and without the discrimination that a medical adviser would exercise, may do considerable injury. There is good ground for legislating against these medicines, and if they cannot be got at by any other method than Mr. Pratt's, the passage of his bill

will be in the public interest. Two weeks ago I quoted from a bulletin issued by the Department of Inland Revenue the results of analyses made of certain of these medicines widely advertised and extensively used in Canada. The frank and open sale of liquor to those who desire to buy it is one thing, but the sale of bottled fluids that profess to be mysterious remedies for common ailments, but which by official analysis are found to depend almost entirely for their popularity on the intoxicants they conceal, is another matter altogether. The Dominion Analyst shows that several of these medicines easily rank equal to port wine as intoxicants and are much stronger than beer. A year or two ago the Provincial Board of Health took up this question. The chemist to the Board, G. G. Nasmith, M.A., Ph.D., analysed several of these medicines and described Peruna; Ayre's Sarsaparilla, Burdock Blood Bitters, Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Paine's Celery Compound, and other familiar remedies, as containing alcohol by volume ranging from 16.00 to 24.90 per cent. Dr. Nasmith in his report at that time wrote: "I have been informed that old people who take Paine's Celery Compound do not seem able to stop using it. At New Liskeard one individual takes several dozen Radway's Pain

public interest is served by many of the powers their central authority exercises so arbitrarily. The press of the province will not support the Pratt bill. The newspapers will rise in a body and oppose it. They will do this, not because they deny the injurious character of many patent medicines, but because they do not admit that all should be classed as equally deserving to pass under the ban, and for the additional reason that they see in the present movement a scheme to give the doctors a greater cinch than they already enjoy under laws of their own making.

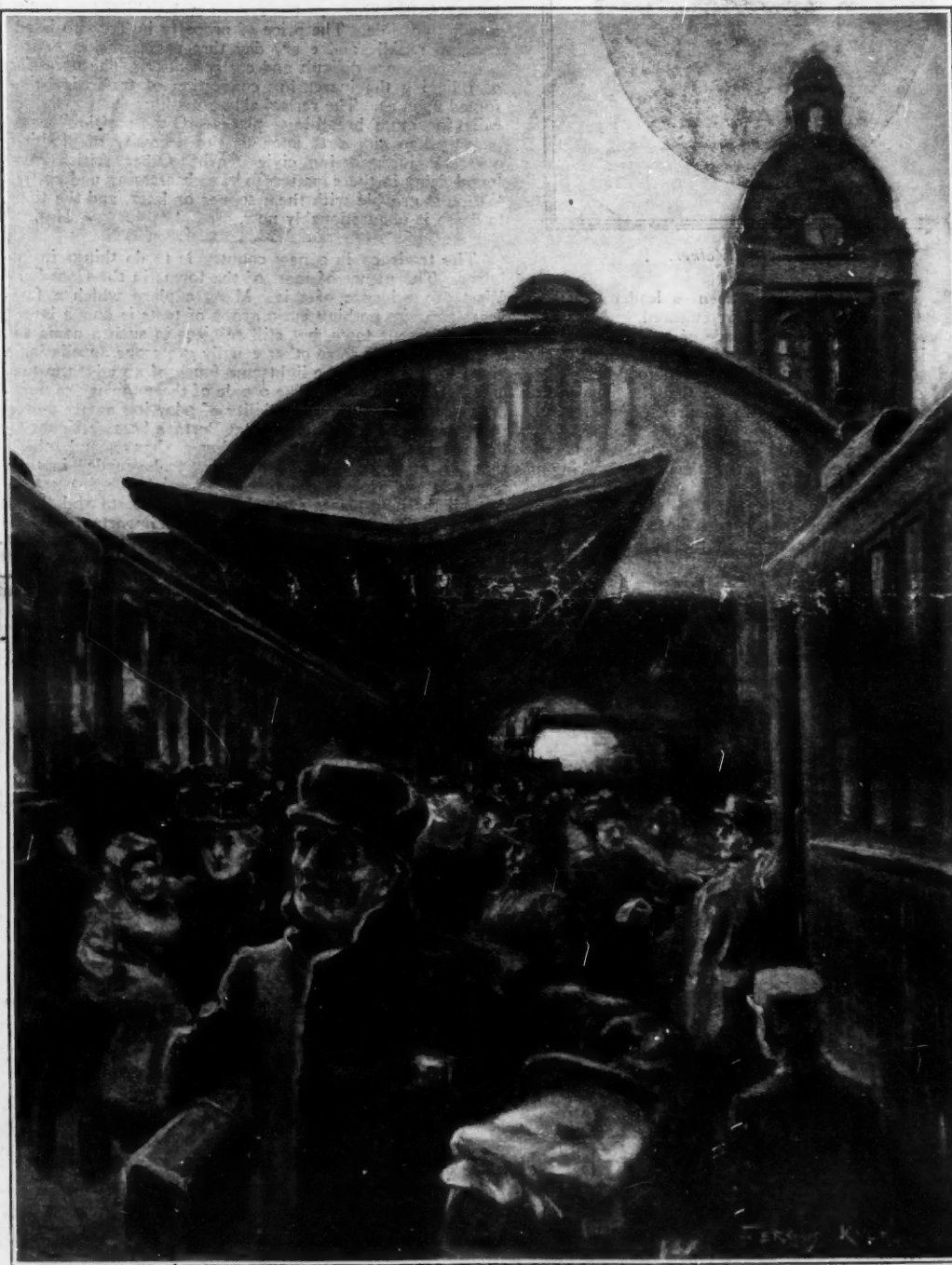
The Whitney Administration has brought down its liquor bill and both the prohibitionist and the liquor dealer have retired to separate rooms to study it carefully to see what they think of it. Perhaps nothing better could be said in its favor than that there is this initial uncertainty as to just where it hits. Clearly it is not a bill framed to suit the extremist on either side. It has the peculiar distinction of earning the disapprobation of Mr. James Haverson and Mr. Dickey, representing the liquor men, and Rev. Dr. Chown and Mr. F. S. Spence, representing the prohibitionists. If Hon. W. J. Hanna will sit down between Mr. Haverson and Mr. Spence

cannot be taken until municipal election day two years later. If it is defeated when first submitted it cannot again go to a vote until two years have elapsed. Those opposed to local option have gained this advantage, that they can have a repeal vote taken one year sooner than under the old law. There is the further advantage that it will take, not a bare majority, but a two-thirds vote to carry local option. Yet there is, apparently, this serious disadvantage to those who oppose local option, that many municipalities that adopt the restrictive law by a very narrow majority can only repeal it by a two-thirds vote. The opportunity to repeal the local option law in the threescore municipalities that have adopted it is brought a year nearer, but the chance of repealing it has been greatly reduced. It seems unfair that a by-law adopted by a scant majority should only be repealable by a two-thirds vote. The advocates of prohibition will object to the requirement that local option municipalities must maintain an officer to enforce the law they have imposed on themselves, although, in justice, other municipalities should scarcely be taxed to do this for them. Taken on the whole Hon. W. J. Hanna has brought down a license measure that will fall far short of pleasing either side, but which may work out all the more to the public advantage for that very reason.

The divinity that hedges a king about is falling into disrepair in some places. The Czar has lost his grip on Russia. Norway has looked over the samples offered by the various courts of Europe and selected a ruler to be known as Mr. King. Newspapers are being suppressed every day in Portugal because of the revolutionary articles they are printing. In Spain King Alfonso seeks popular favor like a Toronto alderman. He has waived many of the traditions of his court and has frankly set out to win popular approval. When the time came for Alfonso to choose a wife, one of the foremost Spanish newspapers, the *Diano Ilustrando*, published the names of the eight princesses who were considered available, and undertook to assist His Majesty's choice by inviting the people to vote as to which of the eight they would prefer as their future Queen. A few years ago this would have been deemed an amazing effrontery, but it was given out in Madrid that the King watched the voting with delight. At any rate he is to marry the lady who got the highest vote in the newspaper contest. In the records of journalistic enterprise it is a unique achievement to have bestowed a King as a prize in a coupon voting contest. Princess Ena of Battenburg headed the poll with 30,128 votes, while Princess Patricia of Connaught was second with 21,000, with the six others trailing behind at various distances. It is pretty tough to be a king and have to smile at that kind of freshness on the part of one's subjects.

At Lennoxville in the Province of Quebec is located Bishop's College School, a seat of learning with some reputation and presided over by Rev. E. J. Bidwell an M.A. of Oxford. He writes to the *London Standard*, appealing for an endowment fund for the school, and describing Canada as "not yet a wealthy country" where the money given by private benevolence passes by such a school as his, "which lays as much stress on character as on the preparation for commerce." Here private benevolence favors the colleges or gives to "purely utilitarian objects—science laboratories, agricultural or engineering colleges or the like." So the clergyman from Oxford, cultivating character with little encouragement in the arid soil of this colony, turns for aid to sympathetic souls at home. He ought to quit it. He says his school is governed by a chartered corporation. His board of governors should take Rev. Mr. Bidwell in hand and explain to him that though he may pull along on English money he would secure more Canadian support if he got in touch with Canadian sentiment and respected the pride of a young country that wants nobody to go begging abroad in her name. If he wants to grow culture and character at Lennoxville he would wisely conduct his operations on such a scale as the climate and local resources permit. A great many young fellows have graduated from the Lennoxville institution "where stress is laid on the training of character," and one would suppose that by this time they would be all over the Dominion, representing in person the superiority of that institution and advertising Lennoxville, Quebec, as the outpost of culture in this colony, and the post-office address of the factory where the Canadian supply of character is produced. After all these years it should not be necessary to still seek abroad for endowment—and seek it in a country where 12,000,000 people are said to be living on the verge of want, and where last year the money spent in relief of the poor amounted to eight shillings per head of the population.

The insurance investigation had no sooner begun at Ottawa than it became apparent that the Government inspection to which the companies have been subjected has been of the most perfunctory sort. The inspector would call on a company, examine its books and seek to verify its own statement of its business. Sometimes this inspection occurred too late to permit of alterations in the returns made by the company for that year, thus making the work of the inspector of no account whatever. Should he disapprove the methods of any company, that company has been quite free to either alter its methods to please him or argue the point out with him, and continue in its own way. He had no power to compel compliance with his views, although the people have been expected to rely on him as the competent guardian of their interests. He has been anything but that. An inspection that is ineffective is but an ambush for policy-holders. It beguiles popular confidence and betrays it, by shaping the inspection to suit the inspected. Of what use are or can be insurance or loan company inspectors who stand in awe of the political influence of the companies they are supposed to hold in check, and who are not likely to win reward, or even good backing, from any quarter if they so discharge their duties as to incur the hostility of an influential company or two? A Government inspector, whether in insurance or in any other line, so long as he is agreeable, can be a deuce of a fellow wherever he goes. He can be admired in Toronto and Montreal, praised at Ottawa, dined when he is hungry, wine when he is dry, and made to feel generally that he is one of the large men of Canada and the bosom friend of the great. But let him prove "unreasonable" and begin wanting to know why this should be thus, and declaring that it must not be thus; let him begin setting up ideas of his own and giving jolts to the smooth running systems of the companies he deals with, and he soon finds himself not such a deuce of a fellow as he used to be when visiting Toronto and Montreal, and not



OFF TO THE NORTHWEST.

Scene at the Union Station, Toronto.

See Illustrated Article on Page 10.

Killer every month. At Niagara Falls the negro population use a great deal of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Cure for the effect of the cocaine present. Some of the peptone preparations tested in our laboratories were pronounced by experts almost as good as sherry." The need for having dangerous medicines confess their contents on the bottle wrappers is evident.

Yet I do not see any necessity for having the same restraint imposed upon a medicine to which the scientific analyst can take no exception. Perhaps it is not much as a medicine, yet that might be said of many prescriptions that doctors write. So far as the public safety is concerned the whole needs of the case would be met if no patent medicine could be put on the market until registered and licensed, and where its contents were of such a nature as to constitute a danger to a patient using it in excess, having its formula printed in English on each bottle. Some medicines, perhaps, should be wholly prohibited under the liquor license law as being intoxicants but not drinks.

Why throw a blanket of censure over all patent medicines alike? This enables the patent medicine manufacturers to say that the whole movement originates in the self-interest of the medical profession and is meant to complete their monopoly, which is already a pretty strong one. By their policy the doctors of Ontario have almost entirely antagonized the press. The absurd lengths to which they carry their professional rule against advertising, until the country practitioner has become afraid to place his card in the rural weekly, has given the press of the province such umbrage that nearly every editor from Ottawa to Windsor is poring over the charter under which the Medical Council exercises its privileges, and some of these days the doctors, instead of gaining a greater monopoly, will be required to show wherein the

and strike out with a blue pencil first a clause that one does not like and then a clause the other doesn't like, he will obliterate every item in the bill. Or if he will sit down between them and read the bill clause by clause, initialing his approval on such clauses as are approved by either of the two men, the bill will remain intact. It makes a considerable increase in the license fees; imposes a tax amounting to one-third the annual fee where a license is transferred; does away with all slippery uncertainty in the division of the proceeds between the municipalities and the province; requires bartenders to become licensed and responsible persons; penalizes the adulteration of liquors and the substitution of inferior brands under the trade-marks of good ones; makes tied houses illegal, and nips in with other little restraining regulations, all meant to improve the character and service of licensed houses. It will require considerable platform discussion to discover just where these changes will land the tavern. The off-hand opinion of Hon. G. W. Ross is that the increased license fee is not in the interests of temperance as it will cause license-holders to sell more goods in order to make running expenses. I do not see much force in that objection, for the amount of business a man does in whatever line he is engaged in has usually no limit but his inability to increase it. The selling of liquor is to be regulated more strictly than before, the quality of the goods is to be inspected—how can a license-holder drive too brisk a trade because of the increased fee?

The effect of the bill as regards the present wave of local option is its most interesting feature. Hereafter on petition of 25 per cent. of the ratepayers a local option vote must be taken on the day of the next municipal election; to carry it there must be a three-fifths vote of the ratepayers in its favor; if carried a vote to repeal it

praised to his superiors at Ottawa. He soon becomes invested with the reputation of being a man who has gone sour and lost his grip on his job.

Men engaged in this class of work require a public gallery to play to, to offset the daily influence of the good fellows whose operations they are appointed to regulate. Few men have the staying power to fight powerful corporations in behalf of the people if the people give no sign that they know or care what is being done. The present investigation was no sooner set in motion than the Insurance Inspectors speedily developed enthusiasm, and gave evidence which shows that they know their business and can attend to it if public opinion will back them up and provide laws so plain-spoken that their authority cannot be disputed.

The series of questions sent by the Commission to all the insurance companies is enough to make the hair of any evil-doer in the business stand on end, and as the people read these questions they cannot fail to feel that the enquiry looks like the real thing, and is by no means going to be the whitewashing job that was feared at first. But it will be just as well to wait before feeling too sure. Anybody can ask questions. The asking of questions is without importance unless answers, full, free and complete, are demanded and secured. So far the companies appear to be toying the mark with an air of obedience beautiful to see, but if they intend to fight and pull and steer the enquiry down a side alley they would naturally keep their hands off at first until the people had got a little diversion. The important work of the Commission will be done after the giddy and fickle public has lost interest and has gone chasing other butterflies.

A man named William Annis, living at Hampshire Mills, near Orillia, went to the bush for a load of wood one day last week, and not returning that night, was looked for next day. The searchers found his horses tied to a tree, with only the front wheels of the wagon attached. Some distance back they found the hind wheels, and still further on, the rack and the wood spilled by the road. Keeping on, the searchers, found the body of Annis. There were two severe cuts in his face, not such as the kick of a horse would give, nor was there any reason to suppose that the heavy wagon had passed over his body. Where the body was found the road was quite smooth. The coroner, after making enquiries, decided that no inquest was necessary. From the facts as here stated one would suppose that before dispensing with an inquest the coroner would have ascertained how the horses came to be found tied to a tree a mile beyond the spot where the body lay. It is assumed that somebody found the horses wandering along with the wrecked wagon, tied then up and trudged away, heedless of the driver's fate. But why should anything be assumed where a man's life is in question? Is not the coroner's inquest specially intended to clear up such cases as this, and are we not, all over Ontario, getting into the habit of saving money by dispensing with inquests, unless the motive for and probability of murder are so glaringly evident that an inquest is but a part of the routine of prosecution? The inquest is meant to uncover crimes that are not suspected. It has another and equally important use, in that it is meant to preclude the possibility of crime and dispel injurious suspicion by demonstrating that a death, though peculiar, was the result of natural causes.

From another part of the province a peculiar case of a different kind is reported in the local press. Three men and some women were drinking whiskey in a shanty at St. Mary's, when a row started, and great violence was being done. One of the men, named Brown, ran out and called in the aid of the law, with the result that all hands were taken before a magistrate, who fined Brown \$2 and costs. Not paying the money he was sent in charge of a constable to Stratford jail for thirty days. Here I quote the St. Mary's paper: "When he got to the jail door, not liking the accommodation, probably, he made some compromise with the constable, we are told, and returned to St. Mary's on the same train." There seem to be two morals in this incident. One is for Brown. Next time let him stay and fight instead of calling in the authorities to quell a row. The other is for Stratford. If that city expects its jail to do business, let it be made so attractive that prisoners will not turn around and go back home after being brought to its very door.

The trouble with this country is that it is full of people who are turning out work that they consider "plenty good enough." From the man who cuts the grass on your lawn or builds you a back shed, up to the men who sit in Parliament and rule the country, nearly everybody is aiming to render such service as will be good enough to answer the purpose. The carpenter who is hotching his job in the way easiest for himself will tell you that it is good enough, but those whose makeshifts are not so readily detected, will inform you that their way is best, and that any other way would not answer at all. Through the ranks of these good-enoughers whether they be laborers, mechanics, clerks, or professional men, the one man in a hundred who makes a staunch, copper-riveted job of anything he undertakes, drives straight to success just as if he had a track under him exclusively his own, and a trolley overhead. The good-enoughers call him lucky, but the secret of his progress has been that he has not jarred the nerves of everybody he has rendered service to by loose handiwork calling for that shudder-producing remark, "I guess it will do." He is a man who delivers the goods neatly packed, at the right place and on time. There is a kind of man who wonders why he does not succeed and yet he never owned a jack-knife without breaking its blade trying to take out screw-nails—the kind of man who never has the right tool, nor the right answer, nor the right opinion, nor the information that will serve anybody's purpose at the moment. If the manager is in a tantrum, in this man walks and gets the storm. When anything drops, this man loses a finger or a toe. If his house burns, you know without asking that his insurance lapsed a week before.

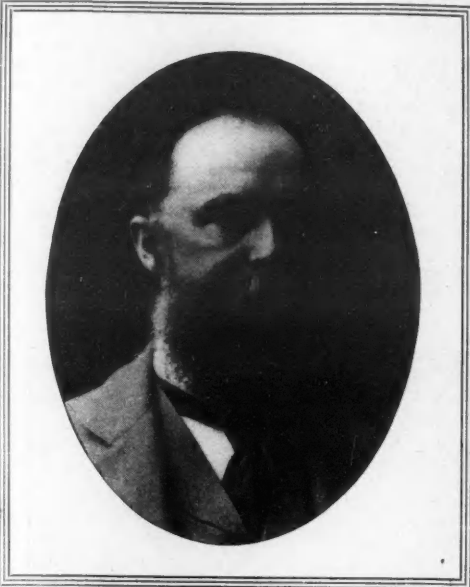
The aim in producing articles for sale in Canada is to make them "plenty good enough" and get all the profit possible. A number of whiskies put on the market in Canada were found by analysis to contain only from 25 to 45 per cent. of alcohol by volume. Whiskey that ought to be whiskey is diluted with water. Yet in patent medicines where whiskey is the cheapest agent that can be used to stir up a feeling of improvement in a patient, whiskey is freely used. The Inland Revenue Department has just issued a bulletin dealing with the examination of one hundred and ten samples of extract of lemon sold in Canada for flavoring purposes. To get a real extract of lemon, alcohol is a necessity. Nothing else will do. It requires 90 per cent. alcohol by volume, and yet only two samples out of the one hundred and ten had the necessary 90 per cent. The others ranged down from 90 to below 20—to less than many patent medicines. If you think you are drinking whiskey you get water palmed off on you; if you think you are taking a precious patent medicine you get whiskey palmed off on you; and when you buy a bottle of extract of lemon, which cannot be produced without the use of alcohol, you do not get it at all, but something "plenty good enough." The Dominion Analyst's report says: "There can be no doubt that much of the extract of lemon sold in America is nothing else than a solution of citral in dilute alcohol, often colored by turmeric or by coal-tar yellows, in order to give it the appearance of a genuine lemon product." At every turn we are hoaxed with substitutes and adulterants. It would almost seem as if the modern man would adulterate for luck, if it didn't pay.

Mack.

To Clothe Toronto With Civic Beauty.

THE voice of caricature is insistent, its argument forthright and striking. The views flashed upon a canvas by Mr. J. P. Hynes at the meeting of the Canadian Club last Tuesday evening, showing the plans for parks systems and other civic improvements contemplated or in process of realization in a large number of American cities, were calculated to inspire a spirit of emulation in the progressive Torontonians who looked upon them. But the picture carried away by most of those present was a fanciful one that Mr. Byron E. Walker drew in the course of his fine address on the subject. Said he: "The main argument against the proposed scheme for beautifying Toronto is the matter of cost. But if a man not without resources were to be dropped into King street without the habiliments of civilization he would not stop to consider the cost of getting himself speedily clothed. Toronto is in the position of that man. The necessity, not the cost, of proper grab for the city is the question at issue."

The subject of the address, which was given in the interests of the Guild of Civic Art, on how to beautify the city was "A Comprehensive Plan for Toronto." Mr.



Mr. Byron E. Walker.

Byron E. Walker is an ideal citizen—a leader in finance and a gentleman, travelled and cultured. No more happy choice could have been made of a speaker to urge the necessity and feasibility of a plan for making the city beautiful. No audience could have been found more appreciative or of more receptive mind than the members of the Canadian Club, and the two hundred or more representative men who were present went away saying to one another that it was certainly time we grappled with the question of formulating a systematic plan of bringing Toronto up to the standard of attractiveness set by many other smaller and less wealthy cities.

Having just returned from a trip abroad, Mr. Walker referred to the attention given in the cities of the old lands to the matter of civic art. In Berlin, for example, such a thing as a bill-board is not allowed. He then referred, by way of contrast, to the disfigurement of our streets by flaming posters, unsightly telephone, telegraph, trolley, and electric-light poles, etc., and to the hideous ugliness of our water front. The stark, undecorated interiors of our public buildings are also a disgrace to us. "There is something fine," continued the speaker, "in the



Toronto as Mr. Walker Sees It.

spirit of self-abnegation which prevails in a new country, the spirit of contentment with temporary conditions. In Canada we have so far looked only upon the utilitarian side of life. We have been compelled to do so. We have put aside aesthetic considerations as something that could wait, but the setting of our faces against them has ceased to be a virtue. The improvement of late years in domestic architecture, in our homes, our gardens, and in all our immediate surroundings has been remarkable. But while we have interested ourselves in those things for which we are directly responsible, we have given little or no thought to the appearance of the city as a whole. In view of these anomalous conditions, and measuring ourselves up to other cities, can it be said that we are possessed of any civic pride. I question if we are! The city is not cursed by squalor, but by ugliness. So much for the plan from the aesthetic viewpoint. I might say, however, that to my mind all ethical and aesthetic considerations are practical considerations. But let us look at the matter with purely practical eyes. When we consider what London, for example, would have had to face if it had not long ago provided itself with Kensington Park, we see that the value of parks is incalculable. Though provided with many thoroughfares for the admission and distribution of traffic, London, and many other large British and European cities, have lately been compelled to widen old thoroughfares and open new ones. What would have been the result if they had all along neglected the matter entirely? We must have a better plan of handling traffic than the present gridiron system of streets. This is a fact we cannot get away from. Our conscience must be stirred up in the matter, and the subject must be viewed from its broadest aspect.

"The question to consider is, Does the plan for a park

system and for radial roadways, such as proposed, embody the idea? We are told that it might cost \$20,000,000. I am not in a position to say just what the cost will be, but I say it might cost that much and be profitable. What we want to know is whether the plan is too ambitious or not ambitious enough. In view of what they are doing in other cities it seems quite humble. As to the cost, we can afford to do anything that any other 300,000 people can do. Why, in London, the profuse personal expenditure of Canadians is considered remarkable. As things go in the world we are as prosperous as any corresponding number of people anywhere—and as intelligent, although we do not always show it. It is irritating to say that a cost of \$20,000,000 disposes of the plan. The radicals, it is true, will cost a large amount, but we need not do everything in one fell swoop. As to other difficulties, I may say that I am sure that a commission composed of any five men in the room could buy both sides of York street by arbitration, widen it, and make money. Many people would be glad to be given the opportunity. As to the machinery for carrying out the plan, it would be wise to elect a commission. The scheme could be easily financed so that the cost would be distributed over thirty or forty years or more, and its fulfilment is only a matter of time and reasonable patience."

As Mr. Walker pointed out, it is here in Toronto, the educational center of the Dominion, and the city of largest English-speaking population, that visitors to Canada expect to find an expression of our civilization. Yet strangers coming here are led to believe that we place no value upon civic beauty, that we do not care to range ourselves alongside other cities, and that, though prosperous, we lack cosmopolitanism. Mr. Walker startled us by the assurance that people who visit us from overseas are quite justified in characterizing Toronto as a wooden, ugly backwoods place. When we sit up and stare at our unloveliness, we are surprised that we did not notice it before to the extent of setting about a remedy. Toronto is growing in a way that comparatively few of her residents fairly realize. If we need more and better traffic thoroughfares, which cannot be denied, and if it is desirable to have a fine parks system and a beautiful city which surely cannot be denied either, then no time should be lost in working out the system and making it a reality as soon possible. The price of property in Toronto is advancing rapidly and every day that passes makes expropriation a more difficult and costly matter. The necessity of relieving the increasing congestion of traffic is being forced upon us. The remarkable growth of our population calls for more breathing places. Our position as a metropolitan city puts upon us the necessity of clothing ourselves in becoming civic garb. Other cities have found delay in these matters to be embarrassing and costly. We must grapple with them sooner or later, and the time to do so is unquestionably now.

The tendency in a new country is to do things in a hurry. The names of most of the towns in the Canadian West are evidence of this. Many a place which a few years ago was nothing but a group of tents is now a large and prosperous town, but still rejoices in such a name as Pile-of-Bones, or some other equally grotesque appellation, given to it through the lightsome fancy of an adventurous prospector or cowboy. The people of these towns are now becoming alive to the desirability of adopting names more appropriate and euphonious. Rat Portage became Kenora, Portage la Prairie is contemplating a change, and other changes, many of them, are likely to be made in the nomenclature of Western towns. It might be suggested that all the new places springing up in Alberta and Saskatchewan—any of which may become an important city—should be becomingly christened at birth, thereby saving a great amount of trouble and confusion. A new paper of promising appearance, the *Signal*, of Vermilion, Alberta, has reached SATURDAY NIGHT. The village of Vermilion itself is only four months old, but in the words of the *Signal*, "What will it be one year from to-day? Who can tell?" In view of Vermilion's very possible greatness the new journal might do the place a service by questioning the desirability of its name. Vermilion suggests an appreciation of the aesthetic, and so is preferable to Pile-of-Bones. No doubt the new village is now proud in being thus distinguished as a shining red spot on the prairie, but it is to be feared that the exceeding brightness of the name will pall upon the residents of the place after a while.

Bliss Carman, the noted Canadian poet—of the Fred-erickton Birch Bark School of Poets—has filed a petition in bankruptcy in New York. He testified that he lived on \$800 per year, which would be equivalent to about \$400 here. His personal property he valued at \$50. For a man of Bliss Carman's cast of mind this is the height of Vagabondia; the quintessence of Bohemianism, and we have no doubt that he feels prouder of being presented at the bankruptcy court than he would be to be presented at the Court of St. James. A velvet coat, a lost hair-cut, and thou beside me singing in the wilderness is Carman's idea of bliss. There is no doubt whatever that if he came down from his high Pegasus to the common Shank's-mare of newspaper work Bliss Carman could make a good honest living, pay his debts, and perhaps find some time to worship his Muse occasionally in private; but that wouldn't be art with a big A. He would dearly love to die like Chatterton in his garret—if he could only be around in the flesh afterwards to enjoy the sensation he had created. Come home to Canada, Bliss, and start again at fifteen a week and let her rip.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

When a man of seventy marries a woman of less than twenty-five, he does it deluding himself that he has a prop and comfort for his last days. Instead, he finds himself hitched to a frisky colt, and the effort to keep pace shortens his days. When Chauncey Depew was at the height of his power, he was a "good catch," and Miss Mary Palmer, young enough to be his granddaughter, got him. This was in 1901, but the separation has occurred, and suit will shortly be brought for divorce. Depew the honored Senator and dinner-table wit, was a different proposition from Depew, feeble and disgraced by the publicity through the life insurance investigation, and Mrs. Depew promptly out him and fled to Paris. The story books give good illustrations of what love is, but you have to read the newspapers to find out what love is not.—*Calgary Herald*.

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A distinguished visitor in town last week was the Princess Montglyn, who is residing just now at Bensonhurst, New York. The Princess intends starting collieries in Canada, and was looking at a farm on Lake Simcoe, also taking a look at Toronto's western suburb. She purchased a handsome horse in Weston, and left a goodly pile of bank notes in Canada. Students of history will be interested in learning that the great-grandfather of the Princess was that Austrian Ambassador to France whose diplomatic talents were employed in the arrangements for the marriage of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette to King Louis XVI. of France. Maria Theresa of Austria presented the Ambassador with a pair of magnificent diamond earrings, which are now descended to the lady who was here last week. The Princess to-day owns the largest kennel of collies in the world, I am informed. She brought with her a fine collie worth five thousand dollars. This interests dog-fanciers, while the ladies who don't go in for bow-wows may find it interesting to meditate upon those historic earrings, with their twenty-carat diamonds, which Tiffany tried in vain to induce the Princess to place at the disposal of Mrs. C. P. Huntington, and for which she refused twenty thousand dollars. The Princess returned to New York on Thursday evening, March 15th.

Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black have been anxiously expecting news of their little son, who has been alarmingly ill for some time. His parents are now occupying the residence of Dr. Black's brother in Port-down road, London, and I saw in an English paper some very appreciative notes on the preaching and work of the former minister of St. Andrew's.

Mr. R. S. Wilson of Glen View, 208 Bloor street west, has made a particularly quick recovery from an operation for appendicitis, which he underwent over a fortnight ago. Many kind enquiries for his welfare have been made, for which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson feel duly grateful.

On Monday, despite the blizzard, a dozen congenial friends gathered about Mrs. James George's pretty daffodil-centered luncheon table, at a dainty little feast given in honor of Mrs. George Hodgins (nee Patterson) of New York, who is visiting Mrs. Hamilton. The shocking weather seemed but to add gusto for fun, and many a good story was heartily laughed at. Mr. George is away in Windsor on business, and may be detained for some weeks.

The engagement of Mr. George A. Eyer, formerly of Toronto, and Miss Ramona A. Whittier of Boston, a relative of the poet Whittier, is announced.

A young folks' euchre was given recently by Mrs. Cager, 47 Collier street, which was enjoyed by the following friends: Miss Beatrice M. Feighen, Miss Winnifred Dent, Miss Edna Cager, Mr. Garnet Dunlop, Mr. Leonard Sharp and Mr. George McGee.

Here is a vague whiff about the future which came in the mail this week. A smart local costumier "is about to execute an order for one of the handsomest trousseaux ever seen in Toronto. It is for a wedding, which, although not yet announced, will probably take place in June, and will be of especial interest to Torontonians. The bride is one of Toronto's prettiest and most accomplished girls, and the groom a handsome chap now in Chicago, the only son of a Philadelphia millionaire." Don't ask me who they are; the prophet says not another word.

The passing of Mrs. Robert B. Denison (nee Brown), formerly of "Bellevue," has removed a sweet and gentle woman, who has been for several years an invalid, latterly not able to see friends at all. She was pre-deceased by some years by her husband, the late Colonel R. B. Denison, and leaves behind her the sweet savor of a kindly, retiring life which made no enemies and many friends, who cannot mourn her release from constant suffering.

The charming little concert given on Friday, March 16, by the Dolmetsch trio, Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch and Miss Salmon, delighted a choice coterie in Conservatory Hall assembled. A lecture, on the various quaint instruments played by the trio, by Mr. Dolmetsch, gave great interest to their manipulation, and it was a savor of the olden time, when Queen Elizabeth played the virginal, and men and women costumed exactly as were the trio, or even the holy St. Cecilia herself, from whose painting Mrs. Dolmetsch's costume was exactly copied, performed on the lute, viol da gamba or harpsichord the same airs as were played on Friday evening. The clavier, "ghost of a piano," as a singer called it, was duly called into use for some perfect dream music, and the singing of a queer little old-fashioned song by Miss Salmon, who wore a picturesque green velvet gown with a wide linen collar edged with lace, was sufficiently fetching to cause applause and smiles at her little rousades and turns. After the concert the audience crowded around the instruments and asked many questions, to all of which that enthusiast, Mr. Dolmetsch, gave his best attention. In his dull fawn velvet knickers and little tabbed jacket, his thick hair touched with gray, and his eloquent brown eyes, he is quite in accord with the old-time instruments he seems to love so much.

The reception given by Dr. Fisher and the Directors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Saturday was a great success, the one thing everyone missed being the gracious greeting of Mrs. Fisher, who was unfortunately not well enough to be present. But there were many hosts and hostesses, who did so much to make one forget the absence of this charming lady, that the event went with admirable vim from start to finish. In honor of St. Pat, there were shamrocks galore on the tea-table, which was exceedingly pretty and well plenished with all sorts of dainties. Heaps of people one knows enjoyed the jolly function, a bright way of spending a very raw and chilly March afternoon. Among the guests at the reception were: Sir John A. Boyd, K. C. M. G., Lady Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Scadding, Mr. George E. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. George, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. C. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cross, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Ham, Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Ryan-Burke, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Pigott, Dr. and Mrs. J. Humfrey Anger, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ingham, Mr. Rechab Tandy, Mr. Douglas Bertram, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. B. Drechsler Adamson, Miss Lina Adamson,

were played on Friday evening. The chavichord, "ghost Smith, Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, Miss Elizabeth Topping, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McNally, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Kirkpatrick, Miss Florence E. Lutz, Miss Adelaide Heath, Mons. Guy de Lestard, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sacco, Miss Jean Gunn, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Burt, Mrs. Bac; Mr. Frank E. Blachford, Miss A. Denzil, Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss Jennie E. Williams, Miss Sarah E. Dallas, Miss Curlette, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Atkinson, Miss Jessie C. Perry, Miss Lena M. Hayes, Mr. Frederic Nicolai, Miss Annie Hallworth, Miss Eugenie Quehen, Miss Mary L. Caldwell, Mr. Donald Herald, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hardy, Miss Elizabeth Cowan, Miss Helena Howe, Miss Edith Myers, Miss May Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Gowan, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Culley, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. John Waldron, Mr. L. N. Watkins, Miss Marie Wheeler, Miss Isabel Christie, Mrs. M. B. Heinrich, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Miss Grave Emmett, Miss Annie Johnson, Mrs. L. Milne, Miss M. V. S. Milne, Miss Mabel O'Brien, Miss Ethel Rolls, Miss Marjorie S. Ratcliffe, Miss Ethel Morris, Mrs. Bac; Miss Lillian Willcocks, Miss Rachael E. A. Wilson, Mrs. Bac; Miss Minnie Connor, Miss Helen Kirby Ferguson, Miss Muriel M. Rogers, Miss Lexie F. Davis, Miss Grace Hill, Miss Lily Lawson, Mrs. A. V. Paradis, Miss Eva Hughes, Miss Marie Hennessey, Miss Jessie Diamond, Miss Jean Gray, the Misses Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bohme, Miss M. G. Ferguson, Miss Lawson, Miss F. H. Switzer, Miss Beatrice McLean.

Mrs. Macdonald (nee Lansing) is enjoying her visit in Colorado, where the weather is lovely.

Two very winning and pretty hostesses welcomed callers at the Speaker's chambers, Mrs. Hanna, dark-haired and slender, in a pale pink gown, with a bouquet of violets, and Mrs. Adam Beck in pale blue silk, with white lace waist and bouquet of lily of the valley. Miss Violet Crerar, Mrs. Beck's step-sister, came down from Hamilton to assist in the tea-room and looked very nice in a cream-white voile gown, with a huge posy of her name flowers in her belt. Mrs. Thompson and Miss Nora Whitney, the Misses Foy, Miss St. John and one or two others assisted, and the Premier, Ministers and Speaker came in after the session for tea. The two tea-rooms were very handsomely decorated with the choicest flowers, the reception-room likewise, and in the corridor where a large orchestra played there were some fine palms. Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. St. John, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. and Mrs. George A. Reid, Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Macdonell, Mrs. Lynd, Mrs. Tripp, Dr. and Mrs. Harley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mrs. James Mackenzie, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Dora Rowand, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Jack Dixon, Mrs. Warrington were a few of the visitors.

On Thursday (15th) Mrs. Eakins of Madison avenue had a very pretty tea, and the anniversary of her birth was the occasion of hearty good wishes from such of her friends as knew of it. The table was charming with lights and flowers, and the bright and cordial hostess had the kindest greetings for everyone. Two or three of the guests found their way to the library upstairs for a chat with Mr. Eakins, who is still an invalid, and not able to take his usual gallant part in the social doings of his little wife.

Mrs. Willie Crowther and Mrs. Dugald MacMurchy will sail on the *Barbarossa* for Italy next week; Mrs. W. S. Lee, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Miss Snively and several others also.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Skey of Port Dover are in town, the guests of their son, Mr. Russell Skey, 560 Huron street, for some weeks.

Miss Enid Wornum, who has been visiting friends in Sarnia, returned home at mid-week. She was to have spent a week with her cousin, Mrs. W. J. Reid of Queen's avenue, London, but owing to the lamented death of Colonel Arthur King, her visit has been postponed.

On Saturday Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss McEnery and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Temple went over to Niagara Falls for the day. I hear that the latter couple are only awaiting news from Mr. Keating, now on railway business in Mexico, to leave for their new home in that country.

At the opening of the new Driving Club in Detroit a visitor tells me the tandem riding was well worth the journey to see. Would the Horse Show people kindly look into this new feature. No need to go two hundred miles to see it, and the critic who is so enthusiastic over it is one quite certain to represent Toronto taste. A little tandem riding please, gentlemen! Remember the Prince mayn't have seen it either.

It was not quite a surprise, though very sad tidings, when the news of the untimely death of that good soldier and true gentleman, Colonel Arthur King, came over the wires on Monday. Ever since he was stricken with enteric in South Africa Colonel King has been in delicate health. He was one of the guests at the first dance in Government House this season, and at a later ball at the King Edward, where he seemed, though looking a bit fagged, to be in fairly good spirits. Only to intimate friends did he speak of his fear of invalidism. Many a regret and not a few tears have met the news of his death at the early age of thirty-two. He was a soldier *au bout des ongles*, brave and courteous and gentle, and there are none who knew him who do not mourn his passing away.

Brevet Captains Fred Lister, Louis Le Duc and James G. Burnham are gazetted captains this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch and Miss Salmon at the Toronto Golf Club one evening this week.

The unusual diversion of an end of March sleighing-party and supper, for which the guests have waited all winter, was a Wednesday event.

Mrs. Ivan Senkler of Vancouver (nee Mackay) has been for some weeks with her people in Queen's Park. I hear she is suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

In St. Mark's church, Orangeville, at an early hour on Wednesday, March 14th, Miss Jennie Paisley was quietly married to Charles Bertram Smith, Ph.M.B., of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, son of Dr. C. N. Smith, formerly of Orangeville. The bride, who was unmarried, was given away by her uncle, Dr. John Noble of Toronto, and wore a going-away gown of hunter's green broad-cloth touched with white and gold with a chic hat to match and handsome mink furs. The happy couple left for a short honeymoon on the southbound train for Toronto and eastern cities, after which they will be "at home" to their friends in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

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Social and Personal.

Colonel and Mrs. T. D. B. Evans, who have been spending some time in Ottawa with the Misses Evans, came to town this week, for a visit to Mrs. Herbert Mowat. During their stay various functions have been arranged in their honor. Mrs. Evans was Miss MacMillan, daughter of Sir Daniel and Lady MacMillan of Government House, Winnipeg. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark entertained at dinner on Wednesday in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Evans; and their hostess, Mrs. Mowat, gives a tea for them this afternoon, and gave a dinner on Thursday night.

The visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught will last from Saturday to the following Friday, and the Prince will be accompanied by Captain Wyndham, Mr. Pope and Captain Trotter, the latter to represent the Governor-general, and Mr. Pope to represent the Canadian Government. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert was twenty-three years old on the 13th of last January, several years older than his father was when the latter visited Canada for the first time in 1869 at the age of nineteen. The young Prince will have a busy time during his visit in Toronto, every evening and most of the days being already allotted to social and official duties. The Prince is an officer of the 7th Hussars. During his Toronto visit he will be the guest of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, who will entertain handsomely in his honor.

The evening of the Albani concert was marked by the giving of a number of smart dinners, six at least, to my knowledge, being on that evening. Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a charming dinner to a small party of friends. They and their host afterwards attended the Albani concert, after which a supper was given at Chudleigh, which was most bright and enjoyable, the diva being in one of her most winning moods. Among the handsome girls who had the pleasure of meeting Madame Albani were Miss Blunden McEnery of London, a popular Irish visitor at Llawhaden, Miss Melvin-Jones and Miss Margaret Thomson, the latter looking particularly handsome at the concert.

Senator Melvin-Jones has gone to England, sailing this week on the *Celtic*. Mr. Wissner has also gone by the same ship, and will take a position in England.

A tea for young folks and a few pretty young matrons was given by Mrs. Smellie at her home in Avenue road on Tuesday afternoon. White and green was the color scheme of the floral decorations of the tea-table and Mrs. Jack McMurrich poured tea. The Misses Smellie assisted their mother in receiving, and half a dozen girl friends waited on the large party of guests.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean Macdonell have returned from the Mediterranean and Mr. Macdonell is very much benefited by the trip. By the way, thinking of the very amusing character of *Jupp*, the sergeant, played by Mr. Macdonell at an amateur performance here some years ago, reminds me that Mrs. Bromley Davenport, his sweetheart of that little play, is now playing in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archibald of Halifax, parents of Dr. Thomas D. Archibald, have been touring in Jamaica and the South with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod.

The good stork has brought a little son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Maule of 96 Walmer road.

The Government House reception and that given by Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Adam Beck at Parliament Buildings occupied the later hours of last Thursday (15th) and there was a good deal of hurrying from one to the other. Mrs. Beck's suggestion that the Cabinet ladies should arrange to have their receptions on the alternate Thursdays with Government House is a good one. Both are pleasant and tempting places to spend the time between five and six, and every one was glad to see Mrs. Mortimer Clark's health had not suffered from her Ottawa visit. Among the callers at Government House were two charming "Americans," Mrs. Choate of Buffalo, who came with her hostess, Miss Parsons, and Mrs. Sydney Small, who has returned radiant from her first visit home as a matron. Lady Mulock and Lady Pellat were among the visitors, and Mrs. D. W. Alexander of Meadowbank with her niece, Miss Dora Rowand. Mr. Burnett Laing, Mr. Hamber, Mr. Jim Macdonald were waiting upon the ladies with the "cup that cheers." Major Macdonald, now *en garcon*, being without his usual helper, Mr. Douglas Young, who is taking a course in Kingston. There was at no time as large a crowd as usual, for people were trying to get either to or from the reception at the Speaker's chambers.

Mrs. Dignam gave a pleasant tea for Mrs. FitzRandolph and several other visitors in town, on last Friday afternoon at her home in St. George street. It was only a limited number who were asked, and the little function was quite informal. A very graceful and pretty woman, Mrs. Perks, who has spent some time of late years in Toronto, came with Mrs. Hugh Calderwood. Mrs. Nordheimer gave another of Friday's small teas, at Glenedyth, to which several visitors in town were invited.

Mr. Mulock recently purchased a house in course of completion at the junction of Cluny avenue and Crescent

road, Rosedale, under very favorable conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Mulock will settle there as soon as the new home is finished.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis are in their new house in Nanton crescent.

Miss Elsie Thorold has been spending some days with her sisters, Mrs. Alexander Davidson of College street and Mrs. Mabey of Beverley street. Many attentions and invitations have marked her sojourn in Toronto, for she is one of our most popular visitors. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Davidson asked a few friends in for tea, and her sister was greeted by many Toronto friends. She is looking as smart and stylish as usual, and enjoying herself hugely.

Mr. and Mrs. John Meredith have returned from the Welland to their apartment at the Alexandra.

Professor Mavor spent some time at St. Catharines. I hear that his health has been far from robust this winter.

The exhibition of paintings at the O. S. A. gallery closes to-day, and this will be the last opportunity for seeing a very interesting collection.

At the Albani concert, a striking personality resembling Mark Twain, with flowing moustache and silvery hair, was that of Mr. Williamson of Liverpool, father of the brothers of that name so well known in Toronto, the one as the president of the Dickens Fellowship and the other as a strong and successful painter. Mr. Williamson, Sr., is spending a pleasant month with his children, and is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. T. E. Robertson of Bedford road.

Mr. Curtis Williamson has been gradually evolving a studio to his taste out of the room in the Arcade formerly occupied by Miss Laura Muntz in the same way. The long apartment is all in dull, restful, green tones, and the Rembrandt-like paintings of the artist-tenant show up well against such background. A dinky little piano and the huge copper kettles and quaint Dutch spoons in their rough wooden racks are some of the adornments of the new studio. Sundry friends of Mr. Williamson are anticipating the "five-o'clock" in such restful and cosy precincts.

Mrs. W. Fleury was one of last Friday's hostesses for tea, in her charming new home in Bedford road, and the hour was much enjoyed by a congenial party of her unmarried women friends.

The Signal Corps men of the Q.O.R. are giving their annual dinner, always a joyous reunion of choice spirits, more quality than quantity, at the King Edward, where they have engaged a private dining-room. I hear some forty guests will be present. At their dance on the 17th, which is being supported very enthusiastically by their large circle of smart friends, I believe the Government House party has promised to be present. These friends were amused at a paragraph in a weekly paper, which was, if not inspired, rather an ill-advised and misleading one. A glance at the list of acceptances would be informing to whoever wrote or suggested its comment. Mr. Rupert Bruce is the secretary of the Signal Corps dance.

Mrs. Scott Griffin of Winnipeg is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mackenzie at Benvenuto.

A little girl was the stork's package for Mrs. R. Cassels (*nee* Falconbridge) when he called on Monday at 39 Rosedale road. No grandparents in Canada can boast a sturdier or prettier collection of grandchildren than Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, and no party of happy, healthy little ones have a better right to their inherited blessings.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay have gone to British Columbia. Mrs. and Miss Mackinnon of Jarvis street have gone to California. Dr. and Mrs. Capon are at Atlantic City.

Next Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will open the Automobile Show in the Granite Rink.

Mrs. W. Bain of Winnipeg is visiting friends in town. Miss Annie Michie, her guest in the Prairie City, and Mrs. Bain were given a farewell luncheon and theater-party by Mr. Alan C. Ewart before they left Winnipeg, the young Torontonian for the West and her hostess in the opposite direction. This night two weeks a bridge was given for Miss Michie by Mrs. MacGachen.

Mr. and Miss Fitzhugh paid a flying visit to town and were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Riordan.

That breezy organization, the Chamberlain Chapter, I. O. D. E., are giving an entertainment this afternoon in Conservatory Music Hall at four o'clock, which promises to be distinctly interesting. The first half of the programme is a concert; the second half, the only production of *Good-night, Babette*, a proverb in porcelain, ever given in Toronto. Miss May Perry is *Babette*; and Mr. Douglas Paterson, *Messieur Vieuxbois*. The Toronto Ladies' Trio, whose charming little concert is yet green in our memory, will play the accompaniment to *Good-night, Babette* and Mr. R. S. Pigott will direct. Needless to say, the matinee will be "well worth while."

Mr. and Mrs. Lockie Hamilton have returned from their trip to the Southern States.

Mrs. Bertram Bowen and her little ones have come out from England and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Osler at Craigleigh.

A number of quiet dinners are on this week with three larger affairs. In fact in certain quarters this is anything but a time of fasting.

Several bridge parties have gathered smart parties of women together this week. At one of them play became so earnest that the arrival of the tea-tray was hailed with a storm of protest, and the disconcerted maids betook themselves to the kitchen whispering, "Well, whatever is the world coming to?"

Sir Wilfrid Lawson has a reputation as the humorist of the House of Commons, says the *Westminster Gazette*. When he is up members settle down to laugh, and no matter how serious the subject may be, they refuse to be cheated out of their expectations. Despite his great age he declines to be considered "venerable." "I will tell you what I am," he once said, relating a story which shows his fame as a temperance advocate. "It was a school in the north of England, and the master gave a long disquisition upon the steam engine, and when he thought they all understood he asked, 'Now, what is it that does the work of forty horses and drinks nothing but water?' And all the children cried out, 'Sir Wilfrid Lawson!'"

Mr. Edward Terry, according to a recent interview, declares that "Humor is the true test of civilization. Only the most civilized nations have comic papers, and a savage never laughs from merriment."



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A study of all Canadian Banks, covering a ten-year period and position at end of 1905.

Separate individual analyses of the records of most of the Banks for the ten years, 1896-1905.

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Montreal, March 22.

W. HOEVER heard of a Canadian bank president refusing his salary? Montreal has an example, strange as it may seem. The man in question is F. X. St. Charles, president of the Hochelaga Bank, which institution now comes into prominence through the fact that a large increase of capital, combined with a general broadening out of its business, is not far off. For many years Mr. St. Charles, now an old man, has been president of this institution. He was at its head in the days when the Western country was undeveloped and when the average bank was still a struggling institution, as compared with now. Mr. St. Charles is, and always has been, a man of modest tastes, and in the course of his early business years put by a moderate fortune. The extra few thousand a year which Mr. St. Charles might have collected from the bank as its chief executive officer was not required for his living. Then why take it? The bank in the early days required it worse than he did. The Hochelaga Bank was his pet child; and so it came about that each twelvemonth the president's salary was turned over to the profit and loss account. Later on, when the bank began making plenty of money Mr. St. Charles devoted his yearly stipend to the clerks' pension fund or to charity, and this he will probably continue to do to the end of his days.

There is at present a programme on foot to increase the capital stock of the Hochelaga Bank by several million dollars, and on this the stock had been traded in quite actively of late. Branches will be opened in different parts of the West, Winnipeg, for instance, and there is a possibility that the dividend may be advanced from seven to eight per cent, per annum.

What prodigious money makers some Canadian life insurance companies are. An excellent example of this is the Sun Life, of which the Macaulays, father and son, are the central figures. The paid-up capital of this institution amounts to the picaresque sum of \$105,000, and still this company's assets have climbed to upward of \$21,000,000. The authorized capital stock of the Sun Life is \$700,000, but only \$15 per share was ever paid up. This is all that was necessary to start out its career. Ample business and shrewd management have done the rest. The life and soul of this enormous business, with its millions to invest and reinvest, lies primarily with T. B. Macaulay, secretary and actuary of the company. The father, Robert Macaulay, while president of the corporation, is now an old man; thus the responsibility and the work is thrown upon younger shoulders. Macaulay junior thinks figures, dreams figures, and talks figures, and is a power in the land; thought there are comparatively few who know him even by sight. T. B. Macaulay's idea of what constitutes a safe investment for a life company does not always agree with the doctrine of the Ottawa Insurance Department, and this will probably be indicated before the present investigation is closed. T. B. Macaulay has taken a chance now and then, with the result that his company now has probably some five million more assets than the statements indicate. "Put away for a rainy day," T. B. Macaulay will say with a chuckle, and a rub of his hands, which is characteristic of the man.

Robert Meighen, president of the Lake of the Woods Company, says that the Keewatin Milling Company's plant, which there is talk of the former corporation buying out, can be easily developed up to 7,000 barrels a day, though the machinery immediately contemplated will give an output of but four thousand barrels. It appears that the Keewatin people will, if the deal is closed, make a nice thing out of it—a good big bonus over and above the original investment. Mr. Meighen still maintains that he is opposed to all amalgamations or consolidations, and eases his conscience by stating that this is an ordinary purchase; that is, if the deal does come to anything. The news of the negotiations leaked out prematurely, it appears, and now all hands are sorry that the matter has become known.

Last Monday, at the noon hour, a few gentlemen gathered in the board-room of the Canadian Pacific Railway's general offices. There, in no more time than it takes to write this, a motion was passed increasing the capital stock of the company by forty million dollars—a sum equal to one-half the yearly income of the Dominion of Canada. At the center of the table, directly under a remarkably good portrait, in oils, of Sir William Van Horne, sat Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. At right angles with the table at which Sir Thomas presided was another, upon which was piled two heaps of paper. Scrap, it might have been, for no one paid it the least attention. As a matter of fact, however, those dumb instruments, lying there so humbly, gave the power by which the president and his directors worked; proxies gathered from hither and yon, giving the right to vote this forty millions increase. The meeting was a mere formality, for without an ordinary stockholder present it would have gone on just the same. Perchance a shareholder might have got up and talked himself black in the face; he might have objected to everything that was done; he might have registered his vote against the increased capitalization, but he would have accomplished nothing. The proxies were there to outvote him, a thousand shares to his one. Such is modern finance.

However, no one dreamed of objecting except old John Morrison, who objects to everything on principle, and then votes for the resolution. Morrison's idea, rather original, was that the stock should be voted to the present holders free of all cost. He explained that the company's present surplus was twenty millions and it was only a matter of a short time when it would reach forty. Why not, then, devote this forty millions to necessary improvements and give the stock as a bonus? It was all right to do something for posterity, but why do it all? They could none of them live on forever, and why should they build up for the generations to come?

Sir Thomas, at the head of the table, smiled broadly at the old man's fancies; while the others, men like Sir

Sanford Fleming, Sir George Drummond, Senator McKeen, E. B. Osler and Senator Mackay, looked bored or amused as the mood struck them. The man who enjoyed it most, probably, was J. Israel Tarte. The ex-Minister of Public Works, who, by the way, has been interested in C. P. R. since its earliest days, and who yesterday, after the meeting, told of the time when the railway was practically bankrupt, laughed quietly and continuously at the devious reasoning put forward by the one objector.

"How wonderful it all seems," said Mr. Tarte, later on, when the business at hand was disposed of. "I recollect well the day when it looked to be all up with the C. P. R. Sir John Macdonald had flatly refused to loan the necessary \$30,000,000 to proceed with the work. I came down from Ottawa with one of the heads of the enterprise that day and he said to me: 'Tarte, we are all ruined and the C. P. R. is bankrupt unless we get that money.' It was a lucky thing that Sir John was finally persuaded to advance the funds. Strange how great matters in this world turn on comparatively small events!" was the parting comment of the ex-Minister.

Notwithstanding the large increase in banking capital in Canada, the rate of interest shows no change. With an increase of 38 per cent. in capital, and an increase of over 180 per cent. in deposits during the past ten years, the average net earnings of fifteen banks in Canada increased 4.37 per cent. during the same period. The times are not very favorable for the small investors or those depending upon dividends and interest. A three per cent. rate for deposits, while money is worth 6 to 7 per cent. to the merchant and manufacturer, seems to be too wide a difference. Then again, investments in choice securities are only yielding 3.3-4 to 4-1-2 per cent. With the high cost of living, people depending upon returns from safe investments are consequently not to be envied. I notice that the money in Government savings banks at the end of last month was \$61,060,000, which is a decrease of \$275,000 as compared with a year ago. For years there have been increases. To say the least, 3 per cent. is not a very attractive rate.

Canadian banks, especially the old ones having large reserves and well established businesses, have done exceedingly well the past year. It is little wonder that so many institutions of this character are entering the field. Twenty-five of our banks showed net profits last year of from 10.45 to 21.60 per cent. Bank of Nova Scotia heads the list, and the stock paid 11 per cent. to shareholders. Bank of New Brunswick, with a capital of only \$500,000, earned 18.96 per cent. and paid 12 per cent. to shareholders. Imperial Bank earned 17.03 per cent. and paid 10 per cent. The Royal Bank earned 16.36 and paid 9. The Dominion Bank earned 16.34 and paid 10. The Standard earned 15.69 and paid 10. The Bank of Hamilton earned 15.42 and paid 10. The Bank of Toronto earned 14.48 and paid 10. The Bank of Commerce earned 14.45 and paid 7. The Bank of Ottawa earned 14.40 and paid 10. The Sovereign Bank earned 13.30 and paid 6. The Bank of Montreal, which of course everyone knows, has the largest capitalization of any like institution in Canada, earned 11.70 per cent. on \$14,400,000, and paid shareholders 10 per cent.

The average dividends paid shareholders of Canadian banks have not increased in the past 10 years in the same proportion as net earnings have increased. In 1896 the average net earnings were 10.70 per cent., while in 1905 they were 15.07, an increase of 4.37 per cent. The average dividend paid in 1896 was 8.13, and in 1905 it had risen to only 8.87 per cent.

From a carefully compiled circular by A. E. Ames & Co. we learn that the paid-up capital of our banks in ten years has increased \$23,562,000, or 37.17 per cent. The note circulation increased \$36,865,000, or 108.43 per cent., the deposits increased \$365,748,000, making them \$567,846,800, which is an increase of 180.48 per cent; and total assets increased \$485,841,000, or 147.36 per cent.

The press of the United States has no doubt good reasons to crow on the subject of expansion in their foreign trade. Some reputable journals across the border, however, make unjust comparisons with regard to the trade. It has been stated that the full volume of foreign trade of the United States exceeds that of any other country. We take exception to this, and challenge the production of the figures that show such a result. We have failed to see any yearly statement of the United States trade which has overlapped that of the foreign trade of Great Britain. Recently the figures of both countries for the month of February have come before our notice. The February foreign trade of the United States was the greatest on record. The figures show exports amounting in value to \$139,716,000, and imports valued at \$104,201,000. The British papers publish exports from that country in February to the value of \$143,500,000, while the imports are measured by \$237,500,000 for the month of February. As our readers are aware, the imports into Great Britain are always much greater than the exports from that country. The reason is this: Nearly every country in the world, the United States included, is a borrower of money in Great Britain, and a large proportion of the interest due on these borrowings are received into Great Britain in the shape of produce and merchandise from the debtor countries. For a country with not more than one-half of the population of the United States, such a large volume of exports, which are chiefly of manufactured goods, would not indicate idle factories.

The dullness of the stock markets is probably due to the fact that the returns are not commensurate with the risks and excitement of speculation. Capitalists are putting their money into business and real estate, which they think offer the best inducements. In many cities in this province and in the North-West, there is a large business carried on in realty; and this is more likely to expand than to diminish in the next few years. Some years ago, when stocks were at their height, there was comparatively little speculation in real estate. The heavy losses which many operators in securities incurred owing to the collapse of prices, had the effect of driving them elsewhere, and many of them are now dealing in real estate. While present conditions in that market last, there is little likelihood of a return to stock speculation.

General Electric Lower.
Stocks generally have been very quiet in Toronto the past week. The report of the Canadian General Electric fell flat. The net earnings of this company showed an increase of \$25,700 as compared with 1904, but owing to

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your salary whether you put it there or not. If you spend all, somebody else deposits

YOUR MONEY

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Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

85 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

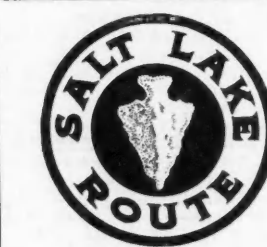
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

34 Yonge Street Cor. Queen and Spadina. Cor. Yonge and Gould. Cor. College and Ossington.

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the increase in capital the percentage of net profits is only 17 per cent., as against 21.7 per cent. the previous year. The reserve is now \$1,480,320, while the common stock amounts to \$3,579,765. The company, however, have wisely written off a considerable amount for depreciation. The amount at credit of profit and loss account at the end of last year was \$90,762. Coal and Steel issues are somewhat firmer, but as yet there is not much speculation in them. The outside public are taking very little interest in Securities, but for all that the general tone of the market is strong.

Couldn't See Him.
An Ohio man tells of the sad case of a young fellow, the son of a wealthy Toledo manufacturer, who, against his father's wishes, insisted upon going to Chicago to make his way, whereas the parent desired that the son train himself in the Toledo business house.

At first the lad did very well in the larger city, but it was not very long before he was making urgent appeals to his father for financial assistance. To these the old gentleman, who had himself been trained in a hard school, turned a deaf ear.

Finally, the desperate boy wired his father in these words: "You won't see me starve, will you?" The old man's reply came in the form of the following telegram: "No, not at this distance."

Then the boy decided to return to Toledo and go to work for the old man—"Harper's Weekly."

One of the largest steel ingots that has ever been made was recently cast at the Manchester foundries of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. The ingot, weighing 120 tons, was cast on the well-known fluid pressure system of this firm. The molten metal, representing 120 tons in weight, was poured from the melting-furnaces into a huge ingot mold-box weighing 180 tons. When the run was completed the mold-box was placed in a hydraulic press, the ram of which is six feet in diameter, and subjected to a pressure of 6,720 pounds per square inch. The ingot is for the machinery of the new turbine Cunard liner now in course of construction on the Clyde.

Some Art Notes.

Sir William Howland has written a letter to Mr. W. A. Sherwood, complimenting him on the excellence of the oil portrait he has recently made of the late ex-Mayor Howland. This portrait is one of Mr. Sherwood's best, and it is said that it may—as it certainly should—find a place in the gallery of ex-Mayors in the City Hall.

Some valuable water-colors are to be sold by auction. Mr. Charles M. Henderson will sell at his art gallery, Nos. 87-89 King street east, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, a very valuable collection of water-colors, by Marmaduke Matthews, R.C.A., being the contents of his studio. No art lover should fail to attend this important sale. The reputation enjoyed by Mr. Matthews is a sufficient guarantee as to the class of work to be sold.

The London County Council has placed a memorial tablet on No. 76, Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, where John Constable, the painter, died.

Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., and Mr. Wilson Steer, one of the most prominent members of the New English Art Club, have been invited to contribute portraits of themselves to the famous Painters' Gallery at the Uffizi, Florence—an invitation that is considered one of the greatest distinctions that can be bestowed on any artist.

Erudition.

"You're a man of education, I presume?" asked the prospective employer of the applicant for the vacant secretaryship.

"Yes," said the applicant modestly. "H'm!" was the comment. "I should like some proof of it. Do you speak French?"

"A little." "And—er, do you know anything of Latin?" "Well, sir, I started to learn it, and got on fairly well. But look here, sir, who on earth could get his tongue round such words as MDCCCXIV? I don't believe anyone living could do it, so I threw it up and took up shorthand."—"Answers."

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Crown Bank of Canada, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office in Toronto and at the Branches on and after Monday, the 2nd of April next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st March, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board.
Toronto, 28th February, 1906.
G. DE C. O'GRADY, General Manager.

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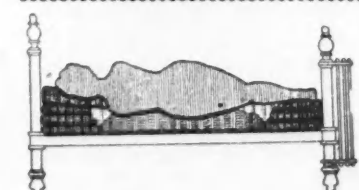
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Athletics

MUCH as some critics may talk about the evil influence of Stanley Cup matches upon sport, the intense excitement which prevailed all over the country when the Wanderers and Ottawa were battling for its possession, shows the interest the sporting public takes in the competition. The cup may foster false ideals, but there is no doubt that it produces good play. It may entail hardships upon the club possessing it, but no club will surrender it voluntarily for that reason. The honor and gate receipts are a good salve for broken shins and fractured ribs.

An Ottawa club official is reported as expressing satisfaction that the cup was lost, owing to the heavy demand which the possession of it made upon the vitality of the players. That is a philosophic way of looking at it, but I think it is more a case of the fox and the grapes than of any philosophic resignation. Ottawa would have sooner parted with Rideau Hall than with the Stanley Cup. A proof of this will be seen in the eagerness with which they will seek to recover it. Unfortunately, they will have to go through a long and weary season in an effort to secure the league championship, which alone entitles them to challenge. Where the Stanley Cup will reside at that distant period it would take a wise man to prognosticate.

The Ottawas and Wanderers have played four games with one another this season, and, by a curious coincidence, have scored exactly the same number of goals—twenty-one. This would seem to indicate that they are very evenly matched teams. The fact that the Wanderers, with a lead of eight goals, played a defensive game last Saturday night, made Ottawa appear at an advantage and indicated a greater disparity between the teams than really existed. It is a truism that the best defence is offence, but by playing a dashing game the Wanderers might easily have exhausted themselves before the close of the match and succumbed to one of Ottawa's whirlwind finishes. As things turned out their generalship deserves more praise than censure. They kept their strength in reserve, and decisively outplayed Ottawa in the last ten minutes. That is sufficient to give the Wanderers every right to the Stanley Cup, and it is quite certain that, even if they do not hold it as long as Ottawa, they will stoutly defend it against Kenora and other aspiring champions.

The hockey season in Toronto went out with a blaze of glory. Peterborough swept across our horizon like a comet or the Northern Lights, or any other celestial illuminations, and left a trail of sparks as well as bruises and dislocations. The team is fully up to all the advance notices and spread-eagle advertisements that have issued from the banks of the Trent since last December. Berlin has crowded even louder, but when called they did not, like Peterborough, produce the "goods," and raised a squeal when they found that championship matches did not observe the amenities of afternoon teas. Peterborough are made in a larger and more heroic mould. They play strenuously, not merely to win games, but because strenuousness is the very spice of their existence. They would rather lose by boisterous than win by gentle methods. They have a British sailor's delight in hard knocks and stick-ends and a Carnegie philanthropy and generosity in returning civilities. A term like "rough" is too petty to apply to them. If they damage their opponents it is not because they are cruel or unsympathetic, but because they feel a light-hearted joyousness in physical exertion, and like

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A lover of good living writes from Chicago:

"The favorite salads in my family," he says, "are prepared with Grape-Nuts, according to your recipes. We regard them as unapproachable. We are also fond of Grape-Nuts with cream as a breakfast food, and use it daily."

"I was a great sufferer for years," he continues, "from stomach trouble, which gave rise to painful headaches, and I was at last completely prostrated and bed-ridden with ulceration of the stomach and bowels. I suffered untold agonies while the doctors were trying to cure my ailment with medicines."

"I could retain nothing on my stomach but an occasional sip of cold water, or a teaspoonful of olive oil, and at last even these could not be kept down. The doctors then gave me up—said there was no hope for me."

"In this strait my good angel induced me to try Grape-Nuts food, and it may sound ludicrous to say of the initial experiment that the sensation was simply 'heavenly' but nothing milder than that will express it. My recovery was rapid, and in a very few days I was up and about, and in a few weeks was a perfectly well man again. And it was all the work of the Grape-Nuts food, for, as I have said, the doctors had ceased to give me medicine, considering my case hopeless."

"Since then Grape-Nuts has been, and always shall be a staple article of diet with us." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

giants, know not their own strength. Moreover they are endowed with such a desire for victory and abhorrence of defeat that I verily believe, if they had lost, the whole team would have committed hari-kari on the spot.

It is not surprising, when this team ran up against the Marlboroughs, strengthened by Young, Gee of Barrie, and Harold Armstrong of Smith Falls, that a good game should result. It was easily the fastest and most interesting match this year, and audiences that they applauded the victory of Peterborough (6-3) with true cosmopolitan sportsmanship. The players did what has only once before been done here this year, rushed the puck from first to last, and never wasted time by raising it into the rafters. Sometimes the rushes were individual, sometimes by combination, but whatever happened and whoever was hurt, the players kept zigzagging and dashing up and down the ice in a way that brought joy into the hearts of those who like a lively game. This is the style of hockey they play down east, and the style Toronto audiences will soon demand, whether by professional or amateur means.

Mr. Waghorne, the referee, has written a letter to the press, in which he very justly points out the difficulty of an official satisfying both teams, but it is in error when he conveys the impression that the crowd was dissatisfied with the strenuousness certain players displayed. A referee on the ice surrounded by a babel of excited voices, with excited players haranguing him from time to time, perhaps in a high state of nervous tension himself—referees are not always as calmly judicial as they might be—cannot always judge of the attitude of the spectators. He is often like an amateur actor, who takes fright before the well-meant plaudits of a sympathetic audience. If Mr. Waghorne had been in the audience he would have heard many expressions of approval upon the heartiness of the play. The crowd want the players to be strenuous; they shout at them and exhort them to the sticking point, but never applaud laggards or stragglers. Last Saturday's game was hard fought. There were some hard collisions, but it was all in the course of play. Players without the puck were immune. Defence is just as much a part of the game as offence, and it is as much the duty of a forward to check back as to rush the puck. The players cannot play without coming into bodily contact, and when men are going fast, nasty falls are often the result. That is not illegal. It is the use of the stick for slashing, tripping and prodding an opponent's anatomy that is dirty. A referee should be cognizant of the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate roughness, and should remember that he is an adjunct of the play, not a vital part of the play, and that his function is to assist, not arrest, the progress of the game. Many a match is spoiled by a too officious referee.

The Mutual Street Rink is now to be dismantled and enlarged. It is to be hoped that those in charge of the scheme will countenance no half-way measures, but will construct a rink that, in seating capacity and ice-dimensions, will be fully up to hockey requirements in this city. Toronto is large enough and supports hockey well enough to have a hockey arena as large and as complete as any other rink on the continent.

By the frequency with which the local cricket clubs are organizing, and the prosperity and enthusiasm which their annual meetings display, one is quite safe in prophesying an interesting season this summer. Unfortunately, quantity does not always mean quality in cricket. There are a great many games here in the summer months, but there are few good grounds compared with the number of teams playing. Moreover a game like cricket requires a large amount of instruction, and there are few facilities for teaching the game. The success of the Canadians last year against the American International team demonstrated clearly that we have first-class cricketers in Toronto. What is needed to increase the popular interest in the game is to encourage it among the youths of the city. The proposal which has been made to establish a cricket league for boys under sixteen years of age is a step in the right direction, and should receive the hearty support of every cricketer in the city.

While golfers have a great admiration for the Haskell golf ball, they have not admired the monopoly kept up by the makers of it, and now they are jubilant on receipt of the news that in the English courts the exclusive patent of the Haskell people has been broken. The evidence of two enthusiastic golfers, Captain Stewart and Mr. Fernie, caused the Haskell to lose their case. Captain Stewart testified that as far back as 1871 he made and publicly used balls constructed of elastic taken from spring-side boots, and afterwards balls made from hanks of india-rubber. Mr. Fernie said he made his from damaged football bladders, which he bought from little boys on the streets. Their Lordships held that the ball made by Captain Stewart embraced all the essentials of the Haskell ball, inasmuch as the core consisted of india-rubber threads wound at high tension and covered with gutta-percha. He had played with the ball openly in a way which brought him within the meaning of the words "public user" and justified

the claim for anticipation even if other people did not cut open the ball and discover his secret.

The balls made by Mr. Fernie also involved all the essentials of the Haskell patent, but, looking at the matter on broader grounds and bearing in mind the fact that hundreds of thousands of toy balls cored in the same way had been sold and were well known, their Lordships came to the conclusion that the contention of the defendants that in the state of public knowledge in 1898 there was no subject matter for a patent and no room for invention was well founded. This means competition in the production of rubber-cored balls. Soon, it will not be necessary to pay six dollars a dozen for balls. In honor of the service done by two golfers to their brethren throughout the world, I would suggest that the new Mississauga Golf Club in laying out their links at Port Credit should name the ninth hole "Captain Stewart" and the tenth hole "Mr. Fernie."

McWatters's Game of Billiards.

Charles E. Barnes.

McWatters loved to play the game of billiards, and he oftentimes thought about himself as champion—His cue with wondrous magic fraught.

One day he met a pleasing chap Who said, "Let's have a game, old man."

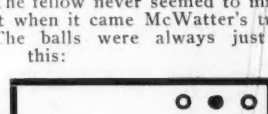
"Agreed!" said Mac. The ivory balls Were placed like this when they began:



"I'll lay a bet," the fellow cried, "That I can bring you to defeat!"

"Tis done!" McWatters answered back. "Your boasting words I'll make you eat."

They knocked the balls about the green—The fellow never seemed to miss; But when it came McWatters's turn The balls were always just like this:

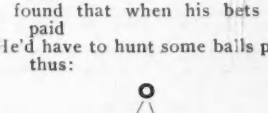


McWatters muttered scorching things Beneath his breath; for, to his shame,

The pleasing fellow had to win The first and every other game.

And when McWatters, in a huff, Threw down his cue with noisy fuss

He found that when his bets were paid He'd have to hunt some balls placed thus:



The Steel Rod in Bass Fishing.

THE steel rods, so much in vogue for boat fishing, and the oldest of them not dating back much more than two decades, have their merits and demerits. Theoretically they should be splendid for casting. But in fact, for some obscure reason, they have a strange lack of the "whip" quality that flings the line far, accurately and lightly. This all but disqualifies them for trout. On the other hand, their wonderful strength and power in bend make them—when of good quality—fine rods for boat fishing. They tire a four-pound black bass in half the time of their rivals in bamboo or lancewood, and take up slack with a strong automatic action that saves many a big fish. Their worst trait is the hidden flaw, which no eye can detect in the buying, and which may part the rod at the first day's fishing. I have a steel rod now sixteen years old, tested on hundreds of big bass, and which has broken but once, and then by corrosion which a little watchfulness would have cured. On the other hand, another steel rod of mine has broken four times within the last eighteen months, two tips parting in the same number of days and both in striking small fish. But if each steel rod carries thus an invisible lottery ticket, the price for the risk is not high; and the graceful and invariable curve which never succumbs to wind, weather or exposure—on fresh water—lends the steel rod a special charm that partly offsets its considerable infirmities of temper.—Clarence Deering, in "Outing."

Plain Talk From Casper Whitney.

EVERY now and so often some American newspaper writer, more patriotic than enlightened, assails the Henley Regatta Committee for what he is pleased to call its "snobbishness," as shown by its obvious suspicions of our rowing club oarsmen, and its close scrutiny of the entries received from those quarters. Often, too, I hear wonderment expressed, by those to whom Henley is a sealed book, why Englishmen are so indifferent to American support of their great regatta. The reason is not ab-

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struse nor far to seek; it is at hand and simple. First—our poor oarsmanship, of which there is annual exhibition at the championship event of the National Association—1905 being particularly notable in its display of wretched rowing—repeatedly marks us as a rival who has yet to learn the game. Secondly, there are the scandals which so often follow hard upon the trip of an American club crew to a foreign regatta. Two cases in point are the charges of misappropriation of funds, and conduct prejudicial to amateur rowing filed against the Vesper Boat Club crew which competed at Henley last year; and the scandalous deception which the captain and lieutenant of the Atlanta Boat Club, who rowed in the German national regatta at Hamburg last season, sought to practice upon the rowing world by proclaiming themselves winners of an event in which they had not even started.

We Americans may rest assured that the National Association will treat these discreditable oarsmen as they deserve to be handled, for this association has filled its always difficult trust to the satisfaction of sportsmen, but no official verdict we can give will change English impression that these dishonest oarsmen are representative of American club rowing, and not the exception that they are. It takes time for an English impression to take on new complexion.

Use of a Roll-top Desk.

An Indian belonging to the Navajo tribe asked for a roll-top desk. The request seemed rather peculiar to the agent, and he asked the Indian: "What do you want the roll-top desk for? Can you write?" "No." "Read?" "No." "Then what do you want it for?" "Well," explained the Indian, "I want a swirling chair to go with it. Then I will sit before the roll-top desk, cock my feet on it, hold a paper before my face, stick a cigar in my mouth, and say to whoever comes to see me: 'Go 'way; this is my busy day.'"



Clark's Corned Beef

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7,000 to 10,000 Pipes.

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W. & A. GILBEY'S

"Invalid" Port

Light in body and elegant in bouquet
Matured from the best growths of the Alto-Douro,
where the Port Grape attains its highest culture.

This wine is so named because highly recommended by Sir Charles A. Cameron, President of the Royal College of Surgeons as a "genuine Port Wine of good quality, unequalled for general consumption and excellent for the use of invalids."

Absolutely guaranteed as labelled—A trial convinces.

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Jas. S. Gilles, Church and Carlton.
Wm. J. Egan, 263 Yonge.
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Her Majesty's Mail

THROUGH the long, evil-tempered winter, when ice and high winds keep the coasting boats from the outposts, the Newfoundland mails are carried by hand from settlement to settlement, even to the farthest parts of the bleak peninsula to the north.

Arch Butt's link in the long chain was from Burnt Bay to Black Harbor. Once a week, come wind, blizzard or blinding sunlight, with four dollars and a half to reward him at the end of it, he made the eighty miles of wilderness and sea, back and forth, with the mail-bag on his broad back. No man of the coast, save he, dared face that stretch in all weathers. It may be that he tramped a league, skated a league, sailed a league, sculled a league, groped his way through a league of night, breasted his way through a league of wind, picked his way over a league of shifting ice. To be sure, he chose the way which best favored his progress and least frayed the thread upon which his life hung.

"Seems 't me, b'y," he said to his mate from New Bay, when the great gale of '98 first appeared in the north-east sky—"seems 't me we may make Duck Foot Cove the night, safe enough."

"Maybe, lad," was the reply, after a long, dubious survey of the rising clouds. "Maybe we'll get clear o' the gale, but 'twill be a close call, whatever (at any rate)."

"Maybe," said Arch. "I would be well 't get Her Majesty's mail so far as Duck Foot Cove, whatever."

When Arch Butt made Duck Foot Cove that night, he was on the back of his mate, who had held to him, through all peril, with such courage as makes men glorious. Ten miles up the bay, his right foot had been crushed in the ice, which the sea and wind had broken into unstable fragments. Luff of New Bay had left him in Saul Ride's cottage, by the Head—the only habitation in the cove—and made the best of his own way to the harbors of the west coast of the Bay. Three days' delay stared the Black Harbor mailman in the face.

"Will you not carry the mail 't Black Harbor, Saul Ride?" he demanded, when he had dressed his foot, and failed, stout as he was, to bear the pain of resting his weight upon it.

"'Tis too far in a gale for my old legs," said Ride, "an—"

"But 'tis Her Majesty's mail!" cried Arch. "Won't you try, b'y?"

"An I had a chance 't make it, I'd try, quick enough," said Ride sharply; "but 'twould be not only me life, but the mail I'd lose. The ice do be broken up 'tween here an' Creepy Bluff, an' not even Arch Butt, hisself, could walk the hills."

"Three days lost!" Arch groaned. "All the letters three days late. An' all—"

"Letters!" Ride broke in scornfully. "Letters, is it? Don't you fret about them. A love letter for the parson's daughter; the price o' fish from St. John's for the old skipper; an' a merchant's account for every fisherman 't the harbor; they be small things 't risk life for."

The mailman laid his hand on the leather bag at his side. He fingered the Government seal tenderly and his eyes flashed splendidly when he looked up.

"'Tis Her Majesty's mail!" he said. "Her Majesty's mail! Who knows what they be in this bag? Maybe, b'y—maybe—maybe there's a letter for old Aunt Esther Bludgel. She've waited this three year for a letter from that boy," he continued. "Maybe 'tis in there now. Sure, b'y, an' I believe 'tis in there. Saul Ride, the mail must go!"

A touch of the bruised foot on the floor brought the mailman groaning to his chair again. If the mail were to go to Black Harbor that night, it was not to be carried on his back; that much was evident. Saul Ride gazed at him steadily for a moment. Something of the younger man's fine regard for duty communicated itself to him. There had been a time—in the days of his strength—when he, too, would have thought of duty before danger. He went abstractedly to the foot of the loft stair.

"Paul!" he called—"Paul!"

"Iss, fawther," was the quick response.

"I wants you, b'y." The boy came swiftly down the stair. He was wide awake, though his yellow hair was not yet brushed from his eyes. A summons at that hour meant pressing service—need of haste. What was the call? Her glance from one man to the other.

"B'y," said Ride, with a gesture toward the mail bag, "will you carry that bag to Black Harbor? Will—"

"Will you carry Her Majesty's mail 't Black Harbor?" Arch Butt burst out. His voice thrilled Paul, as he continued: "Her Majesty's mail!"

"'Tis but that black bag, b'y," Ride said quietly. "Will you take it 't Black Harbor 't night? Please yourself about it."

"Iss," said Paul quickly. "When?"

"'Twill be light enough in four hours," said the mailman.

"Go back 't bed, b'y," Ride said.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER



It will not tarnish gold work nor scratch the enamel. A perfect dentifrice—the one for you. Ask your dentist.

"I'll wake you when 'tis time 't be off."

Five minutes later the boy was sound asleep. No Newfoundland ventures out upon the ice without his gaff—a nine-foot pole, made of light, tough dogwood, and iron-shod. It was with his own true gaff that Paul Ride felt his way out of Duck Foot Cove as the night cleared away.

The sea had abated somewhat with the wind. In the bay beyond the cove the broken ice was freezing into one vast, rough sheet, solid as the coast rocks on the pans, but unsafe and deceptive over the channels between. The course was down the bay, skirting the shore, to Creepy Bluff, then overland to Black Harbor, which is a port of the open sea; in all, twenty-one miles, with the tail of the gale to beat against.

"Feel every step o' the way till the light comes strong," had been old Saul Ride's last word to the boy. "Strike hard with your gaff before you put your foot down."

Paul kept his gaff before him—feeling his way much as a blind man taps the pavement as he goes along a city street. The search for solid ice led him this way and that, but his progress toward Creepy Bluff, the shadowy outline of which he soon could see, steadily continued. He surmised that it was still blowing hard in the open, beyond the shelter of the islands; and he wondered if the wind would sweep him off his feet when he essayed to cross Sloop Run, down which it ran, unbroken, from the sea to the bluff.

"Her Majesty's mail!" he muttered, echoing the thrill in the mailman's voice—"Her Majesty's mail!"

When the light was stronger—but it was not yet break of day—he thought to make greater haste by risking more. Now and again he chanced himself on a suspicious-looking black sheet. Now and again he ran nimbly over many yards of rule, her ice, which yielded and groaned, but did not break. Often he ventured where Arch Butt would not have dared take his massive body. All this he did, believing always that he should not delay the Gull Arm mailman, who might even then be waiting for him in Black Harbor.

But when he had covered six miles of the route, he came to a wide channel which was not yet frozen over. It lay between two large pans. How far he might have to diverge from his course to cross without risk, he could not tell. He was impressed with the fact, that, once across, the way lay clear before him—a long stretch of solid ice.

"Sure, I must cross here," he thought.

He sought for a large cake of floating ice, that he might ferry himself across with his gaff. None great enough to bear his weight was to be seen—none, at least, within reach of his gaff. There were small cakes a-plenty; these were fragments heavy enough to bear him for an instant. Could he cross on them? He thought he might leap from one to the other so swiftly that none would be called upon to sustain his full weight, and thus pass safely over. With care he chose the path he would follow. Then, without hesitation, he leapt for the first cake, passed to the second—to the third—to the fourth—stepping so lightly from one to the other that the water did not touch the soles of his boots. In a moment, he was whistling on his way on the other side, leaving the channel ice bobbing excitedly behind him.

Soon he broke off whistling and began to sing. On he trudged, piping merrily:

Way down on Pigeon Pond Island,
When Daddy comes home from swill,
Cakes and tea for breakfast,
Pork and duff for dinner,
Cakes and tea for supper,
Way down on Pigeon Pond Island.

At noon he came to an expanse of bad ice. He halted at the edge of it to eat a bit of the hard bread and dried venison in his "nutty" bag. Then, forward again! He advanced with great caution, sounding every step, on the alert for thin places. A mile of this and he had grown weary. He was not so quick, not so sure, in his estimate of the strength of the ice. The wind, now blowing in stronger

gusts, brought the water to his eyes and impaired his sight. He did not regret his undertaking, but he began ardently to wish that Creepy Bluff were nearer. Thus moved, his pace increased—with ever-increasing peril to himself. He must make haste!

What befell the boy came suddenly. He trusted his feet to a drift of snow. Quick as a flash, and all unready, he was submerged in the water beneath. Paul could swim—swim like any Newfoundland dog bred in Green Bay. Moreover, the life he led—the rugged, venturesome calling of the shore fishermen—had insured him to sudden danger. First of all he freed himself from the cumbersome mail-bag. He would not have abandoned it had he not been in such case as when, as the Newfoundlanders say, it was "every hand for his life."

Then he made for the surface with swift, strong strokes. A few more strokes brought him to the edge of the ice. He ambers out, still gasping for breath, then turned about to account to himself for his predicament. The drift of snow had collapsed; he observed that it had covered some part of a wide hole, and that the exposed water was almost of a color with the ice beyond—a polished black. Hence, he did not bitterly blame himself for the false step, as he might have done had he plunged himself into obvious danger through carelessness. He did not wonder that he had been deceived.

Her Majesty's mail, so far as the boy could determine, was slowly sinking to the bottom of the bay.

There was no help in regret. To escape from the bitter wind and the dusk, now fast falling, was the present duty. He could think of all the rest when he had leisure to sit before the fire and dream. He took off his jacket and wrung it out—a matter of some difficulty, for it was already stiff with frost. His shirt followed—then his boots and his trousers. Soon he was stripped to his rasy skin. The wind, sweeping in from the open sea, stung him as it whipped past.

When the last garment was wrung out he was shivering, and his teeth were chattering so fast that he could not keep them still. Dusk soon turned to night on this coast, and the night comes early. There was left but time enough to reach the first of the goat-paths at Creepy Bluff, two miles away—not time to finish the overland tramp to Black Harbor—before darkness fell.

When he was about to dress, his glance chanced to pass over the water. The mailbag—it could be nothing else—was floating twenty yards off the ice. It had been prepared with cork for such accidents, which not infrequently befall it.

"'Tis Her Majesty's mail, b'y," Paul could hear the mailman say. "But 'tis more than I can carry 't Black Harbor now," he thought.

Nevertheless, he made no move to put on his shirt. He continued to look at the mailbag. "'Tis the mail bag," he thought again. Then, after a rueful look at the water: "Sure, nobody 'll know that it floated. 'Tis as much as I can do 't get myself safe 't Gull Cove. I'd freeze on the way 't Black Harbor."

There was no comfort in these excuses. There, before him, was the bag. It was in plain sight. It had not sunk. He would fail in his duty to the country if he left it floating there. It was an intolerable thought!

"'Tis 't Black Harbor I'll take that bag this day," he muttered.

He let himself gingerly into the water, and struck out. It was bitterly cold, but he persevered, with fine courage, until he had his arm safely linked through the strap of the bag. It was the country he served! In some vague form this thought sounded in his mind, repeating itself again and again, while he swam for the ice with the bag in tow. He drew himself out with much difficulty, hauled the mailbag after him, and proceeded to dress with all speed. His clothes were frozen stiff, and he had to beat them on the ice to soften them; but the struggle to don them sent the rich blood rushing through his body, and he was warmed to a glow.

On went the bag, and off went the boy. When he came to the firmer ice, and Creepy Bluff was within half a mile, the wind carried this cheery song up the bay:

Lukie's boat is painted green,
The finest boat that ever was seen;
Lukie's boat has cotton sails,
A juniper rudder and galvanized nails.

At Creepy Bluff, which the wind strikes with full force, the ice was breaking up in-shore. The gale had

risen with the coming of the night. Great seas spent their force beneath the ice—cracking it, breaking it, slowly grinding it to pieces against the rocks.

The Bluff marks the end of the bay. No ice forms beyond. Thus the waves swept in with unbroken power, and were fast reducing the shore cakes to a mass of fragments. Paul was cut off from the shore by thirty yards of heaving ice. No bit of it all would bear his weight; nor, so fine had it been ground, could he leap from place to place as he had done before.

"'Tis sprawl I must," he thought. The passage was no new problem. He had been in such case more than once upon his return from the off-shore seal-hunt. Many fragments would together bear him up, where few would sink beneath him. He lay flat on his stomach, and with the gaff to help support him, crawled out from the solid place, dragging the bag. His body went up and down with the ice. Now an arm was thrust through, again a leg went under water.

Progress was fearfully slow. Inch by inch he gained on the shore—crawling—crawling steadily. All the while he feared that the great pans would drift out and leave the fragments room to disperse. Once he had to spread wide his arms and legs and pause until the ice was packed closer.

"Two yards more—only two yards more," he could say at last. Once on the road to Black Harbor, which he well knew, his spirits rose, and with a cheery mood came new strength. It was a rough road, up hill and down again, through deep snowdrifts and over slippery rocks. Night fell; but there was light enough to show the way, save in the deeper valleys, and there he had to struggle along as best he might.

Step after step, hill after hill, thicker after thicker, cheerfully he trudged on; for the mailbag was safe on his back, and Black Harbor was but three miles distant. Three was reduced to two, two to one, one to the last hill.

From the crest of Ruddy Rock he could look down on the lights of the harbor—yellow lights, lying in the shadows of the valleys. There was a light in the Post Office. They were waiting for him there—waiting for their letters—waiting to send the mail on to the north. In a few minutes he could say that Her Majesty's mail had been brought safe to Black Harbor.

"Be the mail come?"

Paul looked up from his seat by the roaring fire in the Post Office. An old woman had come in. There was a strange light in her eyes—the light of a hope which survives, spite of repeated disappointment.

"Sure, Aunt Esther; 'tis here at last."

"Be there a letter for me?"

Paul hoped that there was. He longed to see those gentle eyes shine—to see the famished look disappear. "No, Aunt Esther; 'tis not come yet. Maybe 'twill come next—"

"Sure, I've waited these three year," she said, with a trembling lip. "'Tis from me son—"

"Ha!" cried the postmaster. "What's this? 'Tis all blurred by the water. Missus E-s-B-l-g-e-l. Sure, 'tis you, woman. 'Tis a letter for you at last!"

"'Tis from me son!" the old woman muttered eagerly. "'Tis 't tell me where he is, an'—an'—when he's comin' home. Thank God, the mail came safe the night."

What if Paul had left the mailbag to soak and sink in the waters of the bay? What if he had failed in his duty to the people? How many other such letters might there not be in that bag, for the mothers and fathers of the northern ports?

"Thank God," he thought, "that Her Majesty's mail came safe the night!"

—Norman Duncan, in the "Pall Mall."

Woman's love for dry goods has broken up almost as many happy homes as man's love for wet goods.—"Grit."

GRAND TO LIVE.

And the Last Laugh is Always the Best.

"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman—"now I laugh to know there is."

"Since childhood I drank coffee as freely as any other member of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl, and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down till last winter at the age of 38 I seemed to be on the verge of consumption. My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting."

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged."

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum Food Coffee. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change. I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong."

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change, and when they enquire what brought it about, I answer 'Postum Food Coffee' and nothing else in the world."

—Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF "SPRING FEVER" you should take ABBEY'S SALT.

It is the only spring tonic used in thousands of homes to purify and enrich the blood—relieve that feeling of languor—and revitalize brain and body. Highly recommended by the medical profession. 25c and 60c.

A morning glass puts the whole system in trim for the day.

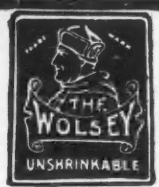
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Non irritating, strong and durable. Cannot thicken or harden; soft and elastic.

Secures comfort during changeable winter weather. Leading stores and Men's Outfitters sell Wolsey Underwear.



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Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

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London, Eng.

Dream of a Socialist.

JACK LONDON, the socialistic novelist, has a sensational story in the March number of the "Cosmopolitan," called "What Life Means to Me." Among other things he says:

"I discovered that I did not like to live on the parlor floor of society. Intellectually I was bored. Morally and spiritually I was sickened. I remembered my intellectuals and idealists, my unfrocked preachers, broken professors, and clean-minded, class-conscious workmen. I remembered my days and nights of sunshine and starshine, where life was all a wild, sweet wonder, a spiritual paradise of unselfish adventure and ethical romance. And I saw before me, ever blazing and burning, the Holy Grail."

"So I went back to the working class, in which I had been born, and where I belonged. I care no longer to climb. The imposing edifice of society above my head claims no debt of light for me. It is the foundation of the edifice that interests me. There I am content to labor, crowbar in hand, shoulder to shoulder, with intellectuals, idealists and class-conscious workmen, getting a good pry now and then, and setting the whole edifice rocking."

"Some day, when we get a few more hands and crowbars to work, we'll topple it over, along with all its rotten life and unbred dead, its

monstrous selfishness and sodden materialism. Then we'll cleanse the cellars and build a new habitation for mankind, in which there will be no parlor floor, in which all the rooms will be bright and airy, and where the air that is breathed will be clear, noble and alive."

Don't Brood.

A despatch from Cincinnati says: "Dr. A. W. Johnstone, a leading specialist in abdominal surgery, widely known in this country and Europe, died here this week from appendicitis." It is a very curious fact, so doctors say, that specialists often succumb to their specialty. Great heart-disease doctors die of heart disease; great lung-specialists of pulmonary malady; great surgeons of surgical treatment. Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the famous throat specialist, who kept the cancerous blood-stream of Crown Prince Frederick flowing long enough to make him emperor, died of a throat disease. Aliens are notoriously prone to fall a prey to mania. A prominent California physician, for years superintendent of our largest asylum for the insane, himself died mad. The foregoing despatch corroborates this melancholy medical theory. There is a moral here for people who are ailing, mentally or physically—it is this: Stop thinking about yourself. Do not brood or you will not get well.



AN ULTRA MODERN.

"Have you a hair-dye with which one can color black hair grey?"

—Fliegende Blaetter.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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Points About People.

The spirit of snobbery is to be found in the slums as well as in moneyed circles, and sometimes manifests itself amusingly. A Toronto woman who had recently been calling upon a "ward" family whom she had befriended, asked Mrs. H— if her little girl did not enjoy the kindergarten. "Yes, but I tell her to be careful not to go over that Smith child over at the corner. The Smiths are respectable enough, but they're folks with no style."



During this winter, the women of a certain Toronto church sent out a box of clothing to a North-West mission. A householder watched his wife and her friends as they were collecting some of the clothing, and noticed the large number of stockings to be sent. "Why do you send so many?" he asked. "The poor things out there need them, John," replied his wife. He looked thoughtful for a few moments and then slowly remarked: "This is a case in which charity covers a multitude of shins." He had to enlarge his subscription to home missions.

In the "Makers of Canada" series being published by Morang & Co., there is announced a life of George Brown, by John Lewis. The copy is in the printer's hands and the book will appear shortly. Mr. Lewis was formerly leader writer on the *Globe*, and now has charge of the editorial page of the *Toronto Star*, which he makes very readable, and to which he will give an increasing authority. Among journalists Mr. Lewis is considered about the foremost editorial writer in Canada, and it is expected that when his *Life of George Brown* is published—the biography of one journalist by another—an extremely interesting book will have been added to Canadian bookshelves.

Among lawyers a story is told about a judge who was sitting on a case in Hamilton, where men were accused of gambling. A witness who was seeking to show how entirely harmless the proceedings had been, was taken in hand by his Lordship. "You played a game called *pedro*—did you play for money?" "No, sir, we just played for the drinks." "Did you play anything else?" "We played *euchre*." "For money?" asked his Lordship. "No, sir, we just played a little game for the drinks." "What other game did you play?" "Well," admitted the witness reluctantly, "we played a little game of *draw-poker*." "Did you play that for the drinks?" asked the court. "Now, your Lordship," said the witness, significantly, "you know that you can't play *draw-poker* for the drinks." It was understood that the judge in acquiring the diversified education fitting him for the bench had ascertained that fact concerning *draw-poker*.

What's in a name? If you think that His Lordship Chief Justice — would feel as proud if called by any other name, ask him. And thereby hangs this tale. A few days ago one of the officials at Osgoode Hall, who, by the way, is a recent appointee, and rather democratic in his style, had occasion to send up certain legal documents to His Lordship. He slipped them in a large envelope, and scribbling on its front, "His Honor Chief Justice —" send it up to that gentleman. The papers came back almost immediately in the hands of a messenger who informed the man in the office that His Lordship refused to accept them. "Why?" said the surprised official. "Because they are not properly addressed," was the reply, and the messenger, who was

duly imbued with the realization of all the dignity that attaches itself to a chief justice, pointed to the words, "His Honor," which are the title of a mere County Court judge. The official is an Irishman, however, and not to be outdone, he took the papers from the envelope, handed them back to the messenger, saying, "Perhaps his Lordship will take them that way." His Lordship did, but he had vindicated his dignity and taught a new official something.

It is a rather surprising fact that comparatively few theatergoers stop to consider the significance of the title of any performance they witness, but think of it only as a means of distinguishing the play from others they have seen or are about to see. The writers of "historical" dramas would also be somewhat chagrined if they knew what a small percentage of people give any serious thought to the historic element in any play. A young man attended a performance of *The Shepherd King* at the Princess last week, being accompanied by a well-informed young lady, who is a regular theatergoer. As the play progressed it was evident that her interest was in David, the lover, not in David, the chosen of Israel, and toward the end of the third act she turned to her friend and somewhat anxiously whispered, "Did he get to be King?"

An incident occurred at Toronto Junction the other day that illustrates the resourcefulness of a man who is partly tipsy and wants a seat in a street car. The Weston car was filled and ready to start when a citizen, who had been to the city and had imbibed not wisely but too well, entered the car. He was seemingly sober and addressed the passengers in the car. "If you people value your lives," he said, "you'll not travel behind that motorman. He's drunk, and not fit to run the car." The conductor was not present to contradict the story, and the passengers believed the man who warned them of their supposed danger. Many of them trooped out, and left him in. The car started, and the ingenious gentleman rode in comfort all the way to Weston while a score of people waited for the next car to come.

Senator Beveridge, in conversation with a group of young disciples, desired to illustrate the quality of adroitness.

"By means of adroitness," he said, "a young equerry of the Caliph Caid sprang in one bound to the important post of keeper of the privy purse."

"The caliph sat on a divan, drinking coffee and smoking a narghile, and his courtiers surrounded him."

"Suddenly, with a queer frown, he said: 'Whom do you regard as the greater man, my father or me?'"

"The vizier, the cadi and the white-bearded councilors were silent, puzzled, unable to think of an answer that would not imperil their places, and even their heads."

"But the adroit young equerry stepped easily into the breach."

"What was the question, sire?" he asked.

"Which is the greater man, my father or I?" repeated the caliph.

"Your father, sire," the equerry answered; "for though you are your father's equal in all other respects, he is your superior in this—he had a greater son than any you have."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.



Boy—What's time, mister?
The Major (thinking to inculcate good manners)—If what? If what, my boy?
Boy—If you've got a watch.

President Ward of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, at the annual meeting of that body, gave particulars respecting the proposed co-operation between the royal navy and the mercantile marine. This summer there will be a practical object lesson in the protection of merchant ships by those of the fighting service. The admiralty expects to have between three and four hundred merchant vessels under the control of the admiral directing the operations of the fleet. These ships will cruise in the ordinary trade routes, and it will be the object of the admiralty to prove by actual experiment that the trade routes can be kept open, and that at the same time the fighting force at sea can be preserved intact. One object to be attained, if the experiment proves successful, is the prevention of the panic in insurance premiums, which it is feared would occur immediately upon the proclamation of war. A scare among shipowners, under such circumstances, would have an exceedingly bad effect on national finances. This proposed manoeuvre are expected to prevent. The admiralty will undertake to indemnify shipowners for any loss due to delay caused by the manoeuvres, and is ready also to pay the cost of the coal. The experiment should prove to be interesting, though, perhaps, not more conclusive than such experiments usually are. There is, obviously, little idleness in the British fleet, which has only just completed a series of extensive manoeuvres.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

If, instead of the province building the Temiskaming Railway, the usual plan of bonusing a private company had been followed, Ontario or the Dominion, severally or jointly, would be out a couple of million dollars in bonuses of cash and land, with nothing to show for it except a railway over which neither Ontario nor the Dominion would have any practical control. The interest lost on the value of such bonuses would be probably as large as the difference between the present net profit of the Temiskaming road and a fair dividend on what the road has cost the province. And the province owns the road, with the certainty of absolute control of rates, and the probability of a bigger profit in the future. This strikes us as a good business for the province.—*Ottawa Journal*.

"The Betrothed"—Up-to-Date

(With Several Apologies to Mr. Kipling)

Open the silver caselet—
Where is a cigarette?
Things are at sixes and sevens,
And Reggie's quite upset.

We've quarrelled o'er my little habit
Of having a dainty smoke,
And he says I am improper,
Which I consider a joke.

Open the cigarette-case,
Let me consider a while;
While the airy blue is forming
A halo that's just in style.

Reggie's not bad to look at,
Reggie has heaps of tin;
But the fairest moustaches darken,
And the love of money is sin.

There's peace in a mellow Turkish,
There's calm in a Scented Rose;
And the sweetest I ever dreamed o'er
Would a secret never disclose.

And, after they burn to ashes,
The others are just at hand;
But Reggie might quite forget me
In thoughts of his stocks and land.

Reggie might have dyspepsia,
And become a hateful scold;
And what were the good to me, then,
Of his loving vows or his gold?

Then Life would have naught of comfort,
The days would be filled with gloom,
While Love would be rudely buried
Within an early tomb.

For it would depart in terror
Of capsules with pepsin frills;
While doctors would call forever,
To the tune of mighty bills.

Or, Reggie might lose his money—
That would be truly sad;
For, though love of gold is evil,
The loss of it's still more bad.

Open the silver caselet,
Let me consider again;
Here is a fresh rolled "Turkish,"
There is my King of Men.

Which would I rather cling to—
The presents of Reggie's bride,
Or a package of dainty darlings
Perfumed and bland and mild?

Confidants willing and tactful,
Who wait me a soft reply,
With never a one in the package
To growl at the gowns I buy.

In the early hours, a tonic,
Comfort when gowns won't fit,
And the most discreet of listeners,
When scandal is talked a bit.

This will the scented package
Give me, without complaint;
And when they are ashes of roses
I have but to ask their Saint—

The trusty and true Nicotina—
To send me such other friends;
And, for certain silver offerings,
She promptly my prayer attends.

I will cherish my silent lovers,
I will clasp them forevermore;
For they never are out of temper,
They swear not, nor slam the door.

For Reggie has written in anger
To say that choose I must
Between his true affection
And the dusky friends I trust.

But my twilight dreams have brightened
With the tiny winsome glow,
Of fires that I burned to Flirtation,
To Love and My Dearest Foe.

And I think of future dulness,
With no gay friends alight;
And I shudder at dreary evenings
For Reggie is not o'er-bright.

Is his ardent love to be counted
Aught but a tiresome joke,
If it goes with the airy breezes
Away—away up in smoke?

But Reggie has darkly hinted,
If thus I still rebel,
That he will make love in earnest
To his stately Cousin Nell.

There are many other Reggies,
And his heart will ne'er be broke;
While a woman is only a woman,
And a tyrant spouse is no joke.

Open the silver caselet,
Old friends, I like you well;
And may he be ever happy—
For Reggie may go to Nell.

A Labor M.P.'s Experience.

W. C. Steadman, Labor M.P., for Central Finsbury, relates the story of his life in *Pearson's Weekly*. He says in part: "At the age of eight I got my first job as an errand boy. Between eight and fifteen I did all manner of odd jobs. I sold newspapers in the streets, and at the age of fifteen I was a barman in a public house. My barman job, however, did not last very long, for my mother had me apprenticed to a barge-builder. Barge-building changed me from a weak, puny lad into a strong man. The general election of 1868, when I was seventeen years old, first gave me an interest in politics. All the time I was an apprentice I attended night schools, and did everything I could to improve my general knowledge."

In the British Museum are books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheepskin, wood, and palm leaves.

Few Actors Leave Fortunes.

It is a common delusion, especially among young persons afflicted with stage fever, that actors and actresses roll in wealth. As a matter of fact, very few even of the greatest and most popular members of the profession have left fortunes.

Those who contribute to the entertainment of the public, whether as managers or performers, although sometimes they earn large incomes—always, however, exaggerated by report—seldom leave at death large fortunes. Constant advertisement, direct and indirect, is deemed essential to their business, and is costly. They are expected to be lavish in their generosity, and to give whenever asked in the cause of charity free performances which they cannot afford to give.

It is the custom in the theatrical profession to call an actor's salary at least thirty per cent. more than it is, and the temptations are many to live up to or beyond the nominal rather than the actual income.

It will be recalled that the gross value of the estate of the late Henry Irving was £20,527 10s 4d., of which the net personality has been sworn at £14,633 4s. 4d. Further interesting facts concerning the relation between stage fame and wealth have been brought forward by an English observer who gives the following interesting list of some of the fortunes left by members of the theatrical profession: Wilson Barrett, aged 57, left £2,000 for charities, £30,862; Lady Martin (Helena Faucit), aged 82, £27,977; Edwin Booth, aged 59, £24,000; Sir Augustus Harris, aged 44, £23,677; William James Lewin (William Terriss), aged 50, £13,257; Frederick Hobson (Fred Leslie), aged 37, £16,113; George Wild Galvin (Dan Leno), aged 45, said to have earned £150 a week, and probably did earn for some time £100 a week, £10,994; Herbert Edward Storey (Herbert Campbell), aged 61, £4,477; William Rignold, aged 68, £4,106; Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), aged 67, £40,630; Ernest Dinard (Ernesto Nicolino), aged 62, the famous operatic tenor singer, £40,560; Richard Corney Grain, aged 50, £18,950; Frederick Burgess, aged 67 (Moore and Burgess Minstrels), £10,894; Frederick Charles Hengler, aged 67, circus proprietor, £59,655; Frederick Ginnett, aged 67, circus proprietor, £32,139; Frederick William Sanger, circus proprietor, £19,000. The estate of Richard d'Oyly Carte, aged 56, of the Savoy Theater, was sworn for probate at £240,817, probably the largest sum ever left by a public entertainer.

The Vandal in Canada.

Curio collectors are said to have no consciences. We trust, however, that even the absence of the "still small voice" will not lead them into countenancing an attempt to traffic in what should have been forever sacred from the hand of even the most irreverent despoiler, says *Lloyd's News*. Some time ago we chronicled the indignation felt throughout Rhodesia when it became known that the tomb of Cecil Rhodes in the Matopopo Hills had been desecrated. Certain persons, deficient in decency and an ordinary sense of shame, had not only carved their initials on the stone marking the grave of Rhodesia's founder, but had broken it up considerably. Even the natives joined in denouncing the outrage on the tomb of their "Great White Father," as they termed the dead pioneer. An attempt was made to trace the guilty parties, and the legislative council was asked to pass a special ordinance making such an outrage a criminal offense. Now comes a sequel which will assuredly renew the indignation felt when the disfigurement of the tomb was first made known. Yesterday we received a copy of the *Quebec Daily Telegraph*, wherein is the following advertisement:

For Sale—A piece of stone from slab covering grave of Hon. Cecil John Rhodes, in the Matopopo Hills, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa. An opportunity for curio collectors.—Apply D., this office.

As an example of shameless effrontery this will surely be hard to beat.

The romantic career of the Marquis of Graham reached a climax when his engagement was announced to Lady Mary Hamilton, the richest heiress in England. He is twenty-seven, has been before the mast, has served on Lord Brassey's yacht, has worked with the naval brigade in South Africa, and has been press censor at Cape Town. He is very good-looking, while his future bride can best be described as comely. She has \$2,225,000 as well as an annuity of \$35,000, while her estates are worth \$125,000 a year more. From a Scotch point of view a union of the heir of Montrose to the only child of a Duke of Hamilton is positively inspiring and ideal.

In America last year 27,840 automobiles of a total value of \$47,768,600 were manufactured. Of these, 22,970 were sold within the year; 1,036 foreign cars were sold for \$6,700 each.

There are now more Spanish war veterans on the pension roll than the entire number of Shafter's army in Cuba. In that whole war there were 698 deaths from wounds; 6,610 from all causes, including disease; and 9,378 casualties of every description. There have already been filed 69,687 applications for pensions on account of that war—more than two-thirds as many as were filed in the same length of time after the Civil War, in which over seven times as many men fought fifteen times as long, with the loss of over fifty times as many lives.



Retired Publican (explaining details of his new mansion)—I'd like to 'ave two statues at the foot of the stairs. Architect—What kind of statues would you like?
Retired Publican—I'd like Apollo on one side and Apollinaris on the other.

DRAMA

EXT week's fare at the Princess Theater displays a variety that is welcome in these weeks of few diversions. On March 27 and 28, also on the afternoon of the latter day, the good old comic opera, *H. M. S. Pinafore*, will be presented by local talent, whose quality may be vouched for when it is known that the Argonauts are responsible for the revival of this old favorite. The modern musical comedy, when compared with the Gilbert-Sullivan creations, is as water unto wine, and it is to be hoped that in this case Toronto will show appreciation of the mellow flavor of the old-time opera, and that the Argonauts at the conclusion of the performance may parody the rhyme of a quarter-of-a-century ago in this wise:

"We don't want to act,
But, by jingo, when we do,
We've got the girls, we've got the men,
We've got the money too."

During the latter half of next week, Miss Eleanor Robson, who won Toronto hearts during the Christmas holidays with her delightful *Merely Mary Ann*, is to appear in two new plays. As Miss Robson will not be in Toronto again for three years, those who wish to add to their refreshing memories of this actress will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to see her before March closes. Shortly after her forthcoming engagement at the Princess Theater Miss Robson will return to New York, where she will spend the remainder of this and probably all of next season. For the following season a theater has been leased for her in London, where Miss Robson, through her success in the Zangwill play, is already a recognized artist.

Mr. Eugene Prebrey is the author of a play founded on a story by Jerome K. Jerome, entitled *Susan in Search of a Husband*, in which Miss Robson and her company will be seen on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. The title, which is rather out of the way, may have been suggested by Marryat's *Japhet in Search of a Father*. The first scene is as unusual as the title, and shows an old-fashioned Welsh inn where may be found *Susan*, a young American girl, who, for a while, attended school in France, but, having been compelled to seek her own livelihood, finally became chambermaid in the quaint old inn. The inquiring reader may wonder why *Susan* did not teach French instead, but in that case she would not have been half so picturesque as she is in the role of Welsh servant. Seven years before, she had been secretly married to a young English lord, who was seeking romance in the little town on the Maine coast where *Susan* spent her early days. Of course, they must meet again, and what spot so appropriate as the old Welsh inn? There are complications, and the young lord, possessed of an incredible stupidity, fails to recognize his beloved *Susan*, and has many misadventures before he reaches the happy-ever-after condition. We trust that Miss Robson's *Susan* will prove as "bewildering" as her impersonation of Zangwill's memorable maid-of-all-work.

On Saturday afternoon and evening, the Clyde Fitch play, *The Girl Who Has Everything*, will be produced, which is said to be one of this versatile playwright's latest and best dramas. Miss Robson takes the part of *Sylvia Lang*, a young girl who is trying to save her sister's children from their dissolute father, *Guy Weems*. The sister has made a will leaving her money to the children, to be held in trust for them by *Sylvia*, but *Weems*, who is a villain of unrelieved blackness, forces the wife to make the will in his favor, just before her death. *Sylvia*, in the interests of the children, consults a young lawyer, *Philip Waring*, and the latter falls in love with the fair client who promptly reciprocates the feeling. But *Weems*, who wishes to marry *Sylvia*, tells many lies about the young lawyer and shows himself a perfect miracle of mendacity. However, *Waring* has a "story-book mother" who wages successful war in her son's behalf, and *Sylvia* in the end has "everything," which means the man she loves. Prominent parts of the Fitch play are filled by H. B. Warner, Earle Browne, Ada Dwyer, Laura Clements, Reuben Fax and two exceptionally clever children, Donald Gallaher and Viola Savoy. Mr. Fax will be well remembered as a famous Canadian actor and an ideal *Posty* in *The Bonnie Briar Bush*.

In Boston the play has been received with unusual favor, one critic saying: "Miss Robson is a charming actress. There is a gentleness about her that is delightful and in this new play she wins your affection at the very start. Mr. Warner makes of *Waring* the usual noble-minded young man of the modern play, while Mr. Browne's villainy as the brother-in-law rather surpasses the ordinary variety of stage wickedness." The advance sale opens on Monday next and present indications pre-announce large and appreciative audiences for Miss Robson, whose *Susan* and *Sylvia* arouse lively anticipation.

It was with a sensation of relief that we learned of the illness of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose attack of pneumonia gave the public a much-needed rest from his industrious self-advertisement. But he is up and at it again with undiminished vigor. His latest outburst was in connection with the recently discussed spelling reform, and he took occasion to remark that Shakespeare was shaky on the subject of orthography, while Mr. Shaw gravely doubted whether, if Shakespeare were alive now, he could pronounce his own name. Unfortunately for us, Shakespeare is dead and Shaw is alive, and we all know how sophisticated Londoners spell the name of the latter. Mr. Shaw seems to have a great spite against the "gentle Will" who is buried at Stratford, and in sheer defiance of convention and superstition may someday run the risk of being visited by Shakespeare's curse in consequence of his disturbance of the great dramatist's bones.

Mr. Shaw has a perfect right to publish his contempt for Shakespeare's spelling and writing, and to declaim against the romance of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is just possible that *Hamlet* will be known and played a hundred years from now and that *Candida* will not even "evoke the passing tribute of a sigh." And Mr. Carnegie, the bestower of books, does not care for Homer and positively thinks it necessary to write and tell us so. The multi-millionaire has that most highly-esteemed gift, the ability to make money, but it is a bare possibility that he is not a critic of epic poetry; and while Mr. Shaw is an advertiser that should make Pears' soap turn pale with envy it may be that he does not know everything about the Elizabethan drama. If any of John Kendrick Bangs' fancies are true, Homer and Shakespeare may be enjoying in some quiet corner of the *Houseboat on the Styx* many a gentle chuckle at the expense of their modern detractors who are nothing if not noisy.

It was a rather amusing circumstance that the first night of the performance of the cowboy play, *The Virginian*, should come at the close of a blizzard day. But those who made their way through snow and sleet on Monday night to the Princess Theater found in Mr. Dustin Farnum a hero not quite as satisfying as the young Southerner of the popular novel. The most interesting qualities of *The Virginian*, his innate gentleness and his subtle irony, are lost in the dramatization, and too much of the Jesse James element enters into the scenery and characters. In fact, it would be impossible for the observer to gain a just idea of the *Virginian* of

the novel from the hero of the play. It is only a repetition of the old experience of dissatisfaction with fiction "done into drama." If you have not read Owen Wister's book, the play may be enjoyed as Western melodrama, in which the lynching incident is conspicuous. But Mr. Wister's production was not a deification of the lawless settler; his *Virginian* was gentle and true despite, not because of, the summary justice he was forced to execute. However, Mr. Farnum did his best with a *Virginian* robbed of his original fascination. Mr. Campeau was the orthodox villain as *Trampas*, and Mr. Bennet Musson did a faithful piece of work in depicting warm-hearted, law-breaking *Steve*. Miss Mary B. Conwell was a rather characterless *Molly Wood*, and one missed the comradeship between her and her cowboy lover.

Breaking Into Society, a musical farce at the Grand this week, relies largely for its success upon the vaudeville reputation of the Four Mortons. They have a well-gowned and attractive chorus with good music to assist them, and are seen to much better advantage than in a half-hour sketch in a vaudeville theater. Sam Morton, barring some dialogue of doubtful taste, was very successful with his Irish comedy. He was assisted by the inevitable German comedian, a part which Ford Sterling carried off well. Miss Clara Morton afforded the best entertainment of the evening and secured rounds of applause. She has very winning manners and a pleasing voice. Altogether the play is a very good sample of its type of musical comedy.

The bill at Shea's this week contains some very fair vaudeville turns, and is quite up to the usual good standard of this play-house. Callahan and Mack seem to be as popular as ever with their Irish music and sketches. Carlisle and Baker are comedians whose piano playing is more attractive than their comedy; Katie Barry sings a delightfully comic song called *Henry Brown*, and Emma Francis and the Arabs give a splendid exhibition of dancing and tumbling. Burton and Brooks have some good songs and are followed by Alfred Arnesson, a clever tight rope equilibrist, and Harry Atkinson with some good imitations of musical instruments. The Kauffman troupe of trick bicyclists and the kinetograph complete the programme.

A number of papers in the United States have lately contained appreciative references to Miss Kathleen MacDonnell, who played the part of *Lucy Rigby* in *The County Chairman* this season. Not only as an actress, but as a writer, is Miss MacDonnell coming in for gratifying publicity, her contributions to the magazines being said to be of very considerable merit. It is interesting to note that Miss MacDonnell was born in Barrie, Ontario, in 1886, being educated at Loretto Abbey, where she graduated brilliantly in music at the age of sixteen.

A Taller Order.

Jones had been a member of the glorious company of the workless for some time, so that when the offer of work as a carter came Jones jumped at it.

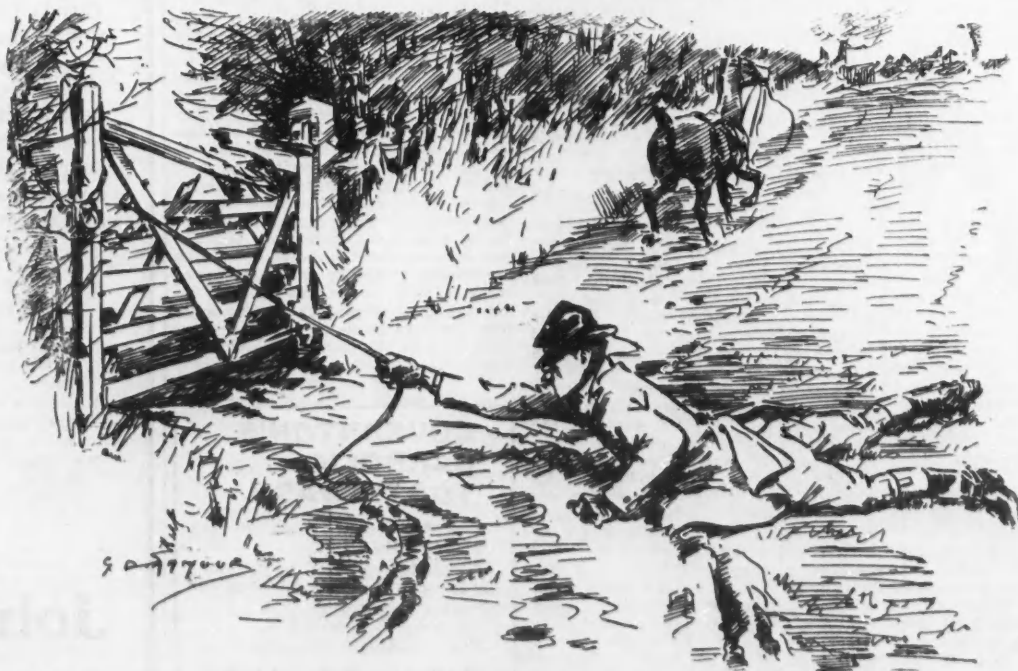
But even to be a carter requires experience, particularly in loading up, and when one has a two-wheeled spring cart to load it is better not to put all the goods at the back. This, however, was what Jones did, with the consequence that, when they were going uphill, the horse, unable to stand the strain, stopped.

It did not strike our friend that his method of loading was at fault. He tried vainly to induce his steed to proceed, and then, noticing that the animal's feet only just touched the ground, he turned and drove back at full speed to his employer.

"Haven't you got a taller horse, guv-nor?" he queried artlessly. "This one ain't high enough for the work!"—*Answers.*

England never produced, and probably never will produce, an army which is up to the theoretical standard set by continental powers. From Marlborough to Wellington the British army has been one open to criticism—yet the "thin red line" has always "made good"; generally, it is true, because Providence helped it along. In fact, that beneficent power which is said to look after children, drunkards and fools has always been most attentive to England and the United States when it came to military affairs.—*New York Press.*

Mr. Pett Ridge tells an amusing story of the little Japanese policeman who, during the war, were provided with conversation-books to enable them to converse with the foreign newspaper correspondents who swarmed in Tokyo at that time. A correspondent stopped to look over a bridge one day and his eye caught a policeman hurriedly referring to his conversation-book. Presently the little Japanese approached, bowed, and said: "How do you do, sir, or madam, as the case may be."



THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Sportsman (feeling slightly mixed, but holding manfully to what he supposes to be his horse)—Steady, mare! Steady, old girl! Whoa!—Punch.



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON
AT THE PRINCESS NEXT WEEK.

Of Joseph Chamberlain a critic says: "He is one of the most restful men I have ever met. There is no flurry or haste or bustle in his manner. He is what our grandfathers would have called 'a dry stick.' His voice in conversation has a quizzical tone; his wit is dry; his manner is that of a shrewd and somewhat bored observer rather than that of an active participant. He leans back in his chair, sitting rather low, his hands folded, his eyes studying those about him with quiet, contemplative interest. He never appears eager to make a point in conversation, and one only becomes aware of the quickness and wakefulness of his mind by some shrewd remark, which brings general conversation back to the point from which it first set out or to some definite conclusion."

Willie to the circus went,
He thought it was immense;
His little heart went pitter-pat,
For the excitement was in tents.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Richard Mansfield announces that he will retire from the stage in 1909. Bravo, Richard! Even Patti never dared to advertise more than one farewell season at a time, but imperious Mansfield insists on three.



It is to be regretted that all courtships cannot be so happily entered upon and cannot drift so smoothly and steadily toward a happy consummation as that of King Alfonso and Princess Ena. His Majesty of Spain and Her Royal Highness of Battenberg are not beset by any plebeian doubts and fears regarding the important step they are taking. After some preliminaries, which were not by any means lacking in fair sentiment, an engagement was decided upon and published in a businesslike manner—an engagement which looks towards marriage with a definiteness and finality eminently proper and entirely satisfactory to all parties directly concerned. When King Alfonso set out to look for a bride, and gazed upon the fair Ena and cried, "Let it be she," the matter was as good as settled at once. The powers that be in two countries conspired to aid him in his suite. The trifling little human considerations that crop up to worry ordinary people when they contemplate matrimony were lightly brushed aside. The Princess changed her religion. It is true the Imperial Protestant Federation and some others put forward some objections to this, but they were of no avail. Nothing was permitted or will be permitted to mar the progress of this ideal courtship, this beautifully arranged royal marriage. The end could be seen from the beginning. Happy Alfonso, who has not had to restlessly roam near fields and far looking for a bride, experimenting with his emotions, torn by the doubts of his own

heart, harassed by the advice of his friends! Happy Ena, who knew that all things were planned with such nicety that she would never be forced to exhibit her trampled affections and bruised heart in a breach of promise court! We hear pity expressed for kings, princes and princesses because it is said they cannot marry as they choose. 'Tis pity wasted. If their liberties are somewhat proscribed in the matter, think of the compensating advantage their position gives them, in relieving them of all the heart-breaking anxiety of a haphazard courtship, and of the horrors of a misalliance.

This is an age of psychological and sociological research. Nearly everyone who takes his pen in hand with serious intent feels called upon to probe into the problems of the soul. Marriage has come in for its full share of investigation, but I would like to point out that the great and absorbing question of courtship has not been given its fair share of attention. Of what use is it for well-intentioned novelists, playwrights, and philosophers to keep harping away on abstract sociological questions? They harrow our souls by portraying marriage as a mysterious, terrible labyrinth, but it might be respectfully suggested that all efforts made in this direction are futile, if we are to be allowed to stray with erring steps, uncounseled, into this self-same labyrinth. What we need is more light on the subject of courtship.

The trouble is with courtship, as with marriage, that there are to it so many different aspects, and that there enter into it so many distinct and oftentimes conflicting elements. Not only is a poor lover bewildered by the vagaries of sentiment, torn by soul-stirrings, consumed by jealousy, but he is harried by conventionality, and, if he is not careful, is perhaps gripped by the mighty hand of the Law. The late Lord Herschell, having all this in mind, advanced the opinion that actions for breach of promise to marry should not be allowed. An English writer lends this opinion facetious support. "By our system of courtship," he says, "we are apt to mislead the young people. The line between engagement and mere tentativeness is vague. In effect, we say to the young people: Walk together, talk together; do not be precipitate. Before you marry make sure that you twain are suited to become one. Remember it's a matter of life and death. Thus Society addresses the young man. He takes Society at its word. The young man walks and talks with the maiden—as he has been bidden to do. Finally, having dived somewhat beneath the surface of her character, he discovers—discrepancies. She is not precisely the kindred soul for which he is looking. He remembers what Society had told him. He was to make sure. These preliminaries were but tentative—it was his duty to be cautious—and so on. And he draws back. We put an imaginary case that is reality every day of the week. But when the young man has taken Society at its word Society turns round and says: My dear young man, we were only fooling you when we invited you to take a sample and incur no further responsibility. You have walked and talked with this young lady according to our advice. You have examined—and paid for—the sample, for you no doubt paid her omnibus fare and provided her with ordinary refreshment. But we must trouble you for the purchase money. For when you accepted the sample, by the law of England you bought the whole consignment! In view of the confusions, absurdities, and injustices of the breach of promise law, one is inclined to fall back on the definite betrothal ceremony. In Germany the *Verlobung* is almost as serious as the wedding; it is advertised in the newspapers, and there can be no dispute about it in the law courts. But in Germany you are not *Verlobte* until you really mean business. It might ease matters if we could introduce some such dividing line in this country."

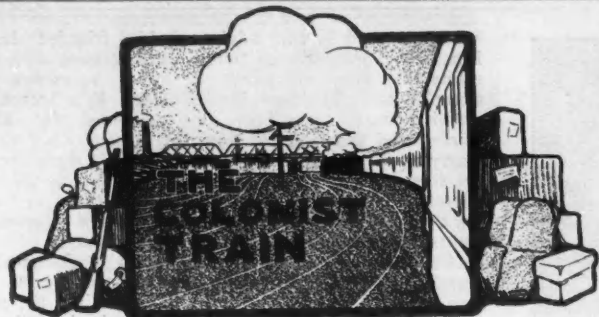
In Canada, as in all highly civilized countries, suits for breach of promise of marriage are not infrequent. The public, served by the newspapers with racy reports of these cases, is moved to mirth by passages from old letters never intended to be read in the cold, gray light of a court of law. This is surely encouraging the growth of cynicism, and on this point also Lord Herschell's opinion that there should be no such thing as a breach of promise action seems to be justified. In the Orient they have a way of regulating courtship, which, though effete and barbarous, is admirably effective. Our neglect of the question is very discreditable in comparison. On this continent only a few sects take a communal interest in this important matter. The Quakers, I am told, are notably solicitous in taking precautionary measures to prevent unwise marriages. It is said that if a young Quaker enters upon courtship with a young lady who is manifestly unfitted to become a suitable helpmeet for him, a committee of the wise elders take him aside and reason gently with him, pointing out that while Mary is obviously unfitted by disposition and character to make him happy, Euphemia, who lives just across the way, is exactly the sort of person whom he should marry. I fear, however, that this custom, most excellent in intention, would be found impracticable as a general thing in this country. There is no doubt that the question should be looked into fully, comprehensively, and without delay.

The most natural and desirable form of courtship, perhaps, is the sort with which Mr. S. R. Crockett deals, the betrothal which is loyally kept being simply and silently made as the lovers bend toward one another from their shaggy Galloway ponies. How would it do for Society to approve of this form of courtship until the sociologists can think of something better, and insist that it be generally adopted? HAL.

In the schedule of prices for "theater entertainment tickets" advertised by a tourist agency in Tokio, the following appears: Tickets.—For the first-class Theaters of Tokio: yen 1.50 each including chair and other fees for all hours. For the Tea-ceremony and Flower arrangements: yen 10, including cost of special tea, cut flowers, ancient food for one visitor, and fees for the master or assistant of the ceremony. For Japanese dances of two hours: yen 10, including fees and usual presents for the performers and Japanese dishes for one visitor. Rather reasonable, withal, since the patron is provided with a chair, ancient food, and presents for the performers. Yens are worth fifty American cents apiece.

The London *Mail* tells a remarkable story of the democratic way in which Norway treats royalty. At the end of a play by Bjornsterne Bjornson at the National Theater in Christiania, King Haakon received the venerable dramatist with the remark, "A very beautiful play, my dear Bjornson." Bjornson, patting the king paternally on the head, said: "Do not say 'majet' (very), your majesty, but 'mejet.' That's how we pronounce it here. A man in your place must take care of these little matters, you know." King Haakon, surprised, replied with as good grace as possible that he would be careful to follow the advice. "That's right," replied Bjornson.

The London *Spectator* points out that in England the custom of paying members' wages only died out. It was never abolished by Act of Parliament, though in the reign of Charles II. an Act was introduced for that purpose and read a second time. Therefore there may still be a common law obligation on constituencies to pay their members' wages—i.e., the expenses to which they are put by representation—if such members demand it. Lord Campbell, indeed, some forty years ago, expressed his opinion that a writ could still be sued out by a member of Parliament requiring his constituency to pay him his wages.



ALTHOUGH we are the descendants of pioneers, there is something decidedly foreign to this generation of Canadians in the expression, "Settlers' excursion," but to those who have heard the West "a-calling" a little trip to Saskatoon or Regina seems nothing more than taking the boat to Montreal did to our grandfathers. The big spaces of Canada are not waiting in vain for their own people, and this year's passenger traffic to the North-West is almost twice that of twelve months ago. "Almost any day is a lucky day to go West," said a C. P. R. official, "but if you want to see the big trailroad go out, Tuesday is the best time."

So, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, I was at the Union Station half an hour before the departure of the regular train for North Bay. If there is one man busier than any other official in Toronto about that time, it is Mr. Corbett, one of the traveling passenger agents of the C. P. R. He is not a very large man, but he manages to be in more places and answer more questions in less time than any other railroad agent I have seen. The lot of Job is a mere sinecure in comparison with that of a T.P.A. When I first caught sight of this much-indemanded gentleman he was looking for a small girl who, he had been informed, was traveling alone. I went with him to the women's waiting-room, and there, sure enough, was a most self-possessed Young Person, who had been traveling all morning and wished to go on to Bracebridge. She informed me as I took one of her parcels that she was only ten years old, and rather enjoyed being on the cars by herself. As a sedate and resourceful specimen of Miss Canada, with none of Young America's pertness, she was most refreshing. Having seen this juvenile traveler safely on the regular train, the T. P. A. turned his attention to the legitimate colonists.

"There they are," he said, pointing to a crowd at the east end of the station. "You see, the regular train goes out first, then the first section with the tourist cars, finally the second section with the colonist cars."

"Then there are really three trains." But the T. P. A. had reckoned without his host of colonists, and there were four extra cars to be made into a train after the second section got away, and it was nearly three o'clock before the last of the would-be Westerners said good-bye to Toronto's water front. It was a scene of animation and bustle, with something to do for almost everyone. The stupidity of the traveling public was impressed on the observer who heard the indefatigable T. P. A. shout his directions half a dozen times, only to be confronted by a vacant-eyed young man or a nervous woman, who inquired amiably: "Did you say to go to the other track, Mister?" All in vain were sign-posts and pointing hands. What they wanted was a protecting arm to set them literally upon the platform of the desired car.

Many of these people were Westerners, who had come east on the December excursion, and were just returning after their little holiday, quite ready for a busy spring. "It's not much of a trip," said a girl who went out as a bride to Saskatchewan last July, "I've done a good deal of shopping and had a jolly time, but Will says he is getting lonely."

"And how do you like it?" was the inevitable query. "Well, one is very dependent on the neighbors, for we're some distance from a large town. But we have a little whisky, and I belong to a book club, and, altogether, it's the place to get on." But like the young woman in Lowell's poem, she looked "teary



"Well fixed."

'round the lashes' as the wheels began to go round.

"What is the difference," I demanded of the T. P. A., "between the people who take the tourist cars and those who take the colonist?"

"Just four dollars," he said. "Go in and see the cars." So I entered the tourist sleeper to find an entirely comfortable car, with all the equipment for rest that can be afforded for such a long trip. But remembrances of Stevenson's tales of emigrant travel across the American continent danced in my head, and I went on to the colonist car in the hope of finding something horribly sordid and "woolly." But even there everything was so nicely civilized. The seats were of brightly-shining wood, but there was every arrangement for converting them into berths, and the small kitchen on each car showed that the domestic necessities of a trip to the Coast had not been forgotten. The women and children were given first choice of all accommodation, and seemed to look upon the T. P. A. as a kindly benefactor who would tell

them just where to go and what to do. The colonist car, in which some of them found seats, was upholstered in velvet and, in fact, was an old first-class sleeper. So I reluctantly abandoned the rude vision conjured up by a colonist train and interested myself in the crowd instead.

Most of the people were from our own province, and knew what they were going to. One young farmer stood waiting for the last cars to be made up, and discoursed to me of the land he was leaving. "I had a pretty bit of property up in Middlesex County," he said. "This morning when I was coming away I just looked back and thought, 'Well, it would be a long time before any farm in the West would look like that.'"

"Why are you leaving then?" was the natural question.

"Oh, I went out there two years ago, and got some land near Saska-



"Inside the car—two women, two babies, a man and three children occupy one compartment."

toon, and I've been thinking of it ever since, and just made up my mind this spring to go out there for good. I've got nothing against Ontario, but it'll be a change." The young farmer had probably not heard of Kipling's "When the Red Gods Call for You," but he had evidently been listening to their invitation. But for the moment his heart was with the old place, and he kept on describing the beauties of the Middlesex acres until he aroused the ire of another young farmer, who assured him: "You haven't anything near London that can touch my father-in-law's place in Wellington County." Just then a boy who couldn't be more than eighteen broke in with the remark:

"The West for mine! I'm going out there again to stay. It's God's own country, where a man has a chance to breathe. This place almost suffocates me, and I haven't seen a good, bright day since I've been east of Winnipeg. The West for mine!" he repeated with enthusiasm as he climbed on the platform with his grip, waving at a small group on the platform.

There was the inevitable bridal couple in all the spick-and-span of new tuxedo suit and trim tailed coat, the bride's hat of white velvet and violets being a shock to all notions of the proper colonist wear. But the T. P. A. regarded them with peculiar tenderness, and rested not until they were quite satisfied with their surroundings. She was, like most Toronto brides, bound for Edmonton, and good luck go with her!

There were some grotesque-looking bundles of quilts and blankets in the grasp of sturdy settlers, who knew what the journey meant, and there were coffee-pots to right of them and hand-boxes to left of them. Two small, brown-eyed girls sat on a large valise, each of them clutching a pink-clad doll. Indeed, anyone who imagines that dolls have gone out of fashion should see the number that go out on the colonist train, fondly clasped by tiny Ontarians. As we passed by a stout, ruddy-cheeked woman, seated on a trunk, the T. P. A. called cheerily: "Come along! Women and children this way!"

"No," she said emphatically. "I'm waiting for my old man."

"He may have left you," was suggested, but she shook her head knowingly. "He'd never do anything like that. I have the lunch-baskets." So she waited complacently for the tardy "old man," who at last appeared, carrying a fat bundle of blankets. It was surprising to see the number of violin-cases that were going out of Alberta and Saskatchewan with settlers of musical inclinations, who may find the fiddle a friend above all others when the long evenings come. As I noticed one fair-haired boy bestowing his violin-case with the greatest care above him, the old song, "Fiddle

and I," came into my mind, with its refrain of "O'er the world together."

Physically, the crowd made a good showing, the stuff of which a healthy young country is made, although some of the women looked as if they needed a rest cure rather than several days on the train. "It's awful hard on the women," said the young farmer from Middlesex, as he lifted two tow-headed boys and set them on the steps; "some of them are leaving old homes, and don't know what's ahead of them."

There was one man whose head and shoulders towering above the crowd attracted attention. His extreme fairness and splendid physique spoke of Scandinavia, and he looked like a reincarnation of the viking of olden days, the pity being that his destination was the prairies instead of the sea. Furs were seen everywhere, the coon-coat seeming to be the favorite garb and, for a few moments, the eastern platform looked like a supplement to "Wild Animals I Have Known." Headgear of all sorts and seasons diverted the feminine beholder, a few of the latest spring fashions from the city shop being almost startling in contrast with old skin caps that must have braved the breeze of many a March. One rosy-cheeked old man, who would have been a model for the father of Evangeline, wore on his head a jaunty scotch cap, adorned bravely with buckle and wing, and might have been called "Heather Jock" if cap and complexion are any indication of nationality. There were comparatively



A Family Group.

bearable patronage in these inveterate Westerners whenever the subject of climate is mentioned.

"It must be very cold where you are," I said to a Brandonian.

"But it's clear, and you don't feel it," she replied triumphantly, shivering as an extra sharp March breeze shrieked its way into the railroad shed. If the West is not always golden, its people will not admit the alloy, and are always eager to inform you of the crops, such as the Ontario agriculturist never knew, of the skies that are cloudless and the air that is extra dry—champagne. It is a land of superlatives, and they will not admit that there is any game at which the East can beat them.

"Is it graft you're talking about?" said a red-necked man, with a St. Patrick's Day accent. "Ontario doesn't know a thing about it. Just come out to Saskatchewan, and we'll show you a thing or two." But the Toronto man whom he addressed looked as if the home article were adequate.

The tourist cars went out with their two northbound engines and the colonist cars rapidly filled, some of the passengers actually opening their lunch-baskets and devouring sandwiches and "drumsticks" before "Alf aboard" was called. They also departed, trailing clouds of pale grey smoke, and the extra train was soon made up for the "overflow meeting" on the platform. "Yes," said the strenuous T. P. A. to an anxious man, with a wife and two small, wailing children, "don't be afraid that you won't get away. Everyone of you will be off in half an hour." So they were, hundreds of them, not packed like sardines or the Toronto strap-grabbers, but in as comfortable quarters as modern colonizing affords,

past the cold, gray-blue lakes of the Northland, the stern darkness of Superior and the lakes and rivers of Manitoba to the wide lands that may be had for little more than the asking, and the life which may be hard, but which is free and glad in this season when "all the winds of Canada bring the ploughing rain."

CANADIENNE.

Why Few Artists Are Great.

ALL students in Toronto of singing and of every other art were given a useful lesson by the performance of Albani in Massey Hall last week. The prima donna's voice is somewhat worn, but if it were worn to a shadow her singing would still be great. When the critics write of her work they are compelled to go further than a mere discussion of her technique. The power of her singing is found in something much rarer and greater than technique—something that every promising young person who aspires to a great artistic career should try to comprehend. Students of music and dramatic art hear a great deal about the importance of intelligent interpretation, but few would seem to arrive at an understanding of the term. Quite often we hear it remarked that Miss So-and-So might be as great a singer as any of the noted ones if she were only given the necessary training. As a matter of fact the young lady in question may be lacking in the intelligence needful in a really pleasing singer, not to speak of the spirituality that makes a singer great. Furthermore, she may be incapable of grasping the idea that fine intelligence is necessary even in the gaining of a moderate degree of true success, and the meaning of spirituality may be beyond her ken. Technique is—at least in my untutored mind—mechanical and comparatively easy of acquirement—a merely physical matter. A musician may sing or play with admirable finish and yet be neither pleasing nor luminous.

The same thing holds true in every branch of art and every line of effort. Take, for example, literary craftsmanship. Scattered all over the country are writers who would be leading journalists or successful authors if their characters were not to a degree warped, or if they were not lacking in some essential of imagination or understanding. The story is told of a young man with literary aspirations, who went to seek advice from Carlyle. Coming into the presence of the Sage of Chelsea, he asked what he must do to acquire a fine style. The great man answered him straightly and fully in three words: "Give yourself royally." No doubt the young man went away and did a lot of thinking, and probably a new light broke in upon him. But how can anyone give himself royally if he has nothing to give? A man may write brilliantly, and yet his article or his story, though marked by well-nigh perfect form, does not grip the attention of the reader nor influence him seriously. Another writer, perhaps less skilled in play of words, but stronger in character, deeper in conviction, saner in outlook, and richer in thought, compels interest and holds it. Certain qualities in a man must inevitably make themselves apparent in his art, whatever it may be. His development in any form of artistic expression cannot be in advance of the development of himself.

Frequently we hear someone remark: "If I were to say what So-and-So said the other day, I would be laughed at or ridiculed, but everybody thinks it is good because he said it." Just so; but this only proves that Mr. So-and-So is a man who is conceded to be stronger in personality than the complainer. A prayer would sound like profanity on the lips of some men, because they are essentially profane; from others a burst of profanity would seem wholesome, because they are by character wholesome. Two newspapers might make the same comment on a public question. In one it might appear witty and illuminating and in the other vulgar and foolish, because the public had learned to estimate with rough accuracy the different characters of the papers, and the different value respectively placed upon words by them. A sweet-voiced singer can give a rendering of "Crossing the Bar" or "Home, Sweet Home" with musicianly skill, but if she lacks soulfulness we sit unmoved. An Albani sings it, and let her voice be ever so worn, the song clutches at our hearts.

The chief reason why few artists become great is because they will not pay the price of greatness. They are like the man who would attempt to become a Beau Brummel merely by providing himself with the best and most approved styles of clothing, without cultivating a fine and discriminating taste in the choice of his apparel and a distinction of manner in wearing it. As anyone, man or woman, is fine or gross, strong or weak, earnest or trifling, so will be his work. The price an artist must pay for greatness is ceaseless endeavor to be the thing he would portray.

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you rather a list of what you lack than a list of your actual traits—a compliment if you only knew it. You think clearly and wisely, and have good perseverance. It seems to me that you have the trick of self-depreciation—a warped sort of vanity, and very deteriorating. With the inspiration of Libra and the practical sense of Virgo, a man, my good friend, might make a success. There is nothing to particularly indicate sex, but on a second look I "hae ma doots" about the "man."

Mars—You are a frank, energetic, somewhat forceful person, with some dominance and self-reliance, sufficient adaptability and considerable snap. I think, on provocation, you could live up to your nom de plume. February 24th brings you under Pisces, the fishes, a water sign, and you are no minnow, nor likely to be caught without a costly bait. You are not markedly original, but have decided opinion and the practical side well developed. You are just a little crude, but admirably worth cultivation. If you are fond of any sort of cheap display, cut it out. You are too worthy for such matters.

Red Feather—You did everything correctly, and are smarter than some. You don't read or understand the simple rules for this column. It is a hand full of confessions, feeling, susceptibility, emotion, impulse, adaptability, the power to consider large schemes or projects with concentration and keenness, good sequence of thought, frank and sometimes unwise speech, love of beauty, a tactful way, some tenacity, a tendency to pessimistic and sometimes morbid thought, a nature always demanding sympathy and love, and perhaps unaware how strong it can be without either. It might be a success, it may be a failure—which do you prefer, my friend?

A Casual—Your touching letter was read with the greatest interest. One should never deny those compelling impulses toward stress and strain, it is best to accept them, and only be very guarded as to how far one can act upon them. You might recognize a familiar spirit who had never even known you. Is there no one in this incarnation for whom you have feelings of deepest reverence and regard, who has been your benefactor without knowing you at all? This may have happened before, and therefore, go, canny, when you feel that recognition of a soul before you claim acquaintance. You will understand what is meant by this advice. There is no hurry. If you are to meet that other, just be ready, and wait. I wish more of the careless, blind people about us studied and thought as you do—new interest would, as you wisely remark, come into their dull lives. Don't be a casual any more, just come in and stay.

Edith—How delicious about those two dates! I am glad they make no difference zodiacally, for Libra rules both. Energetic, ambitious, generous and inspired, are the children of this charming air sign. Libra men and women differ more than any other sign, but Leo. The latter generally dislike finance, and are careless about money matters, not intentionally, but from the attitude of irresponsibility they often suffer under. Micawber should have been a Libra, I'm thinking. Among Libra folk are poets, writers and musicians. The Libra women are very sensitive to inharmomious conditions. In such they become sad, indifferent and are called wet-blankets. They are kind and merciful, neat, and dislike hard or dirty work. It is eminently a Libra trait to conceal from their own people, and give to some sympathetic outsiders their dearest confidence. More than any other do October people write me or tell me of their hopes and wishes. I am sure, if you get your vagrant forces concentrated upon the "dear dream" you will make it come true. Even if you ceased to find it dear, you'd have your splendid sign harmonized, the best success of all. Don't be impatient and never refuse the psychic aspect, as Libra people are prone to do. Any ill health the Libra people suffer from is apt to be started by the fatal trick of worrying peculiar to them.

LADY GAY'S

DREAMS are queer things! I lunched with a trio of maidens on Saturday, and before going downstairs I happened to notice a speck of dust beneath my finger-nail, and proceeded to manicure it, as it deserved. One of my young hostesses was seemingly amused at this, but said nothing. During luncheon, the third girl, previously a stranger to me, told of a dream she had had the previous night, that she was sitting opposite me at that very table, and that after I had rebuked her for a breach of etiquette (very much out of my usual, I must say) she noticed that my nails were shockingly neglected, in fact that we youngsters used to call "in mourning." Just after her dream, a telephone message came, inviting her to luncheon, and telling her she would meet me. Needless to say, it was up to me on that day of all others to be particular about my nails, and that was what amused my young hostess, who had been hearing of the wonderful dream from her younger guest, before I arrived. It would puzzle a thought-transfer agent to know how the thing worked itself out. Did I ante-impress the girl guest, and make her aware she would meet me (who did not even know her name)? Did she send me her dream-wave to the effect that my nails might disgrace me, and make me look them over so carefully? Did my young hostess who knew of the dream-nails give me an involuntary tip, as I laid off my coat, or did the girl downstairs, expecting nails in mourning since the rest of her dream had come true, send her dreadful anticipation my way, and

save that small speck in time? We had a good laugh over the dream, the only part of which was not verified was the "rebuke" I gave in dreamland. As the luncheon progressed, it was very evident that we four were in harmony, just as evident as if one struck a chord of four notes, such pleasant interchange of ideas—such individuality and such a leaning towards that dreamer of my own impulses, that it is no wonder time sneaked by until I was too late for several appointments.

What on earth do the language cranks want a universal language for? Surely the fine flavor of the world is faint enough without losing the bay-leaf of national expression! Whatever the legend of Babel means, beyond our careless ken, whatever the language cranks may see in the fact that a Russian cannot talk Jap, or a British officer Transvaal Dutch, whatever dreams they have of one language bringing universal peace, let them study a little until they realize the deep interest of some of the words which now provoke their ire, let them ponder on the expressiveness of different terms when used by their proper enunciators, let them learn, for they certainly don't know, that the language which catches the exact flavor of one people could never suit their neighboring friends or their natural opposites. The seeming intricacies of our own tongue are mazes in which the student finds all sorts of interesting treasure; the way a word evolves is sometimes as fascinating a study as heart could desire. Why should the commercial world or the illiterate masses be presented with a means of communication with the whole of mankind which involves such a sacrifice? And why should the tone of a language be sacrificed to the fad of a few people who are deaf to anything but their own clatter? Let us borrow occasionally from one another when our finer sense demands, but let the Briton have his matter of fact and apt English, the Frenchman his volatile, dainty and fascinating French, the German his solid, broad, laborious and weighty German, and the Chinaman his chicken talk. The differences are interesting, like national tone and character, and the universal language is, to my thinking, the dulllest of the dull! It is even worse than phonetic spelling, cheap and stupid as that may be. Perhaps it is a crank I am too, for I am restless under uniformity and gird at rule and rote; orderly, but not mechanical; neat but not insistent on trimness, systematic, now and then. The straight highway is all very well, but you know the fascination of the by-path; father Thames flows, broad and free, but did you ever slip into a "back-water?" La, la! I trust the monotonous day may not dawn while I am about when we shall ever have but one language in which to theorize, to make love, to tell little naughty stories and to say our prayers!

Girls! don't be cheap! One girl writes me, asking which of his presents the man to whom she was engaged should expect returned. Which? Every scrap and sign of them, if they are not worn or spoiled. A book that has been marked, or torn, music that is out of fashion, such things, one need not return; give them away, however, don't have them around. But all the gewgaws, rings, pretty trifles, letters, pack them up carefully and send them back. You have absolutely no honest right to them, and it's cheap to be dishonest! Another girl says "What can I do to attract the man I love?" This is a cheap girl, too, but excusable. She may succeed, and if no one, especially "he," finds out her little game, she may think it worth the candle. It is perfectly allowable, if one be so unfortunate as to fall in love and receive no encouragement, to warily go gunning after the unresponsive one. When one's happiness is so involved, one may be excused, but one is cheap all the same. A man writes, asking me to suggest some way in which he may make the acquaintance of some "society girls." This sounds very cheap! Another persists in forcing an acquaintance upon me, which I have done all a gentleman can to show him I do not desire. Cheap, isn't it? A woman writes a mean, catty little screed about a new-comer—cheaper than any I've seen. I think. A girl asks me to advise her in this matter: A rich man has given her several handsome presents. She is afraid her parents will object; she doesn't wish to offend the rich friend; what must she do? A glance tells that she intends to keep her gifts, but it's dollars to doughnuts she is not going to tell her parents, and let them decide what she should do. Of course, that is what I advise, but I feel it will cost her too dear. She is a cheap girl, and she won't pay up. A woman telephones, complaining that she was not invited to a small festivity, and stating that she has often entertained the host of that event. Cheap, cheap, the very sparrows cry out! Another, finding out that certain friends are dining out, immediately invites their hosts to dinner for the same date. Cheap, and perhaps disastrous, if someone puts two and two together! A traveler, in a day coach, strolls into a Pullman car just before he reaches Toronto, and emerges therefrom with much dignity at the station. Cheap, isn't it? These are not crimes, merely confessions of value. The world is full of them, and what room is over in corners is occupied by half-amused, half-cruel folk who size them up shrewdly and say, like the little sparrows, "Cheap, cheap!" Girls, please don't be cheap! Don't ask for tickets to dances, don't hint for tea or ice-cream, don't even take so long finding car tickets that the other one pays for you, don't pretend you were unable through illness or other cause to attend a function to which you know you were not invited, don't be cool to a plain or seedy person, don't have patience with a man who has had too many cocktails and waxes familiar, better be angry than you be cheap; don't toady to rich entertainers, they'll snub you sooner or later, for they will know you are cheap!

LADY GAY.



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Varsity.

HONORARY degrees, such as LL.D., D.D., and other sonorous and alliterative appellations, are usually given without money and without price, "for the sake of honor," but the simplest of University distinctions, the B.A. degree, represents a considerable outlay, if not honor and learning. It is purchased, so to speak, on the instalment plan, by a series of half-yearly or annual payments for tuition or examinations, so that few graduates realize just how much their degree has cost them. This cost varies in different institutions and under different scales of living. The graduate of Oxford or Harvard, or one of our large Canadian universities, is a more costly article than the graduate of one of George Ade's "freshwater" colleges, but the small institution, where learning goes in homespun, not seldom conjoins plain living and high thinking to a far greater degree than richly-endowed seats of learning.

It may be of some practical value to many parents in this province who purpose to send sons or daughters to college, to give an estimate of the cost of the four years' course in Arts at our Provincial University. The fees, payable per annum to the University, as is to be expected in a state institution, are extremely low, \$36.00 for tuition, \$14.00 for examination, \$2.00 for library and, in the case of science students, \$5.00 for laboratory purposes; \$30.00 is a modest appropriation for books; and fees for the gymnasium, the Literary Society and several other large student societies will swell the amount to \$100.00. To this must be added eight months living expenses at, say, \$6.00 a week, a fair estimate for students who have little time for amusements or luxuries, amounting to little over \$200.00.

Thus, disregarding expenses for clothes or traveling, the student will spend in the neighborhood of \$300.00 during the academic year and about \$1,200 before he takes his degree. This is an average expenditure for the purposes specified, but it is quite possible by rigid economy to reduce this amount \$50.00 a year. Of course in that case the student is debarr'd from much of the social intercourse that gives tone and color to undergraduate life. Experience abundantly shows that this rigorous training in self-denial is a poor recompense for the loss of the joyousness and irresponsibility which make college days a halcyon period of life. Many students at Toronto spend from \$300.00 to \$500.00 a year, but the happy individual who has more than the last sum is a rara avis, an academic Croesus. There is no wealthy class, no men like some at Harvard, who keep their automobiles in the college garage and come to college for the sake of spending their money or gratifying their taste for sport. Even in the Greek letter fraternities, which are sometimes erroneously supposed to be hot-beds of luxury, the same holds true, and few fraternity men, though they

live as well as any class of students, spend more than \$50.00 a year on direct fraternity expenses.

In the large American universities, fees in the Arts courses are far higher than here, being \$120.00 a year at Chicago, and \$150.00 at Harvard. At Chicago a low estimate for the year's expenses upon room rent, board, laundry and text-books is \$200.00, while \$400.00 is considered an average and \$650.00 a liberal allowance. The university endeavors to give the students liberal terms for room rent in the residences, and table board at the dining halls, such as University Commons or Hutchinson Hall. The Calendar of Harvard University gives \$360.00 as a low estimate of the year's academic and living expenses, \$450.00 as an average and \$720.00 as a liberal allowance. These estimates make no allowance for personal expenditures, which are difficult to reckon, but have their part in making up the cost of a B.A. degree.

Thus, in spite of large endowments, the cost of a degree is somewhat greater at Chicago and Harvard than at Toronto. The difference is due not, as might be expected, to the high cost of living in those American centers, but to the high tuition fees. To sum up the costs of the Arts graduate degree, one might say that, at Toronto, the two letters which are the sign manual of his learning represent an expenditure of from \$1,000 to \$2,000, exclusive of personal expenses; at Chicago of from \$1,200 to \$2,700, and at Harvard of \$1,400 up to many thousands in the case of millionaires' sons. The intrinsic value of the degree does not, however, depend upon the money spent in securing it. Many a poor student secures in return for his \$1,000 investment such barbaric splendor and wealth of learning as positively to dazzle all beholders, while rich students, with bodies garbed in silks and satins, are clad mentally in rags and tatters.

There is no wealthy road to learning, but many people with mediaeval ideas of asceticism forget that wealth and ease are great aids to study, and laud the struggling student as the beau ideal for those who wish erudition. It is far easier to be a scholar when one can live in ease and spend money upon a wise collection of books and objects of culture and art. The man who spend \$2,000 wisely should get more from his four years at college, more knowledge of books and men, more appreciation of noble thoughts and fine sayings than he who

By
ROBERT C. READE

lives on hermits' fare in little less than poverty. The impoverished condition of a struggling student deserves sympathy rather than eulogy.

If I were to give advice to proposed matriculants for our Provincial University, I would say that \$1,500 would support him very comfortably during his four years' course. This sum would meet all legitimate expenses, and if not enough to make him a social lion would allow him to enjoy all the social advantages the University has to offer. It is typically a democratic institution, where there are no snobs or aristocrats and no class distinctions. There, like the villagers of Grand Pré, "the richest are poor, and the poorest live in abundance."

The brilliant student can secure, if he leads his class, \$100 a year in scholarships, and even the poor student, with no scholarship aid, will find the hardships of his lot ameliorated by the spirit of democratic equality.

Anything like an aristocracy of wealth is entirely foreign to the spirit and aims of a seat of learning. In Europe it may be inevitable that blue blood and armorial devices should create select coteries of gods and demigods among wearers of the academic gown, and that Whitaker's "Peerage" or the "Almanach de Gotha" should confer more distinction than class lists or scholarship awards. In a young country like Canada any aristocracy but that of talent is indefeasible. There is some danger that when colossal fortunes are amassed out of our rising industries our universities will be the resort of the idle rich or pleasure-seeking dilettanti. In their train would follow false standards of living and some dulling of vital academic impulses. One may with fervor hope that it will be a long day before our institutions of learning feel the influence of the purse-proud millionaire in any other form but that of endowments and donations. Most of our college professors would look with horror, if not envy, upon a student with an allowance of two or three thousand a year. In truth, such luxuries and extravagances would soon vitiate the democracy of learning and beget systems of caste and worship of gold-miners. The goddess Minerva bears sword and shield, but no money-bags. Far better is the pristine purity of present day academic equality and fraternity.

Canadian universities are growing at a steady rate of expansion, with an increasing number of graduates and undergraduates. It is a truism that prosperity fosters culture and learning, and in these days of commercial prosperity, when Canadians are turning more and more, every day, to the cultivation of the arts and sciences, one cannot go far astray in advising a young man to secure a university education if possible. A degree in Arts, Science or Medicine is undoubtedly worth the pecuniary cost or self-denial it may involve.

A NECDOTAL

Lady Mary Montague, famous for her wit, one time found her son reading a book on how to bring up children. "My child," said she, "why are you reading that?" "Oh, to see if I am being brought up correctly," was the young hopeful's reply.

Moliere, the playwright, was discussing marriage with a courtier. "Why is it," said the courtier, "that in some countries a king may assume the crown at the age of fourteen, but cannot marry until eighteen?" "Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom," was his reply.

Thackeray used to tell a story of Irish wit, which was at his own expense. He was passing down the street, one day, when an Irish woman begged him for alms. As he put his hand in his pocket, she said: "May the blessing of God ever follow you." Instead of money, he pulled out his handkerchief, and she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

It is said that Lessing, the German author, when he became absorbed in his work, was the most absent-minded man that ever lived. One time he called at his own house and asked if Professor Lessing was at home. As it was dark the servant did not recognize him and said: "He is not in." "Oh, very well," said Lessing, "I will call another time."

A story was told by Lord Claud Hamilton at a dinner at the Fly Fishers' Club. An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open there was a mighty rush and a flapping of wings," said he, "and away flew a wild duck; and, begorra, when I looked inside, there was a nest with four eggs, and she had been after sitting on that nest."

There is an old story of Hogarth, the painter, which may be true or not, but it is very characteristic of the man. A miser engaged him to paint a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. After some talk he agreed to do so for half price. When finished, the painting was merely a red dash. "What's this for?" cried the miser, "where are the Israelites?" "They have passed

over the sea," said Hogarth. "Where are the Egyptians, then?" "They are all drowned," replied the painter.

Ex-Senator Billy Mason of Chicago had instructions to be careful how he spoke of Democracy in Missouri, but he was allowed to give Grover Cleveland hail Columbia. So his speeches at some stage included remarks about like this: "Fellow-citizens, I wouldn't for the world say anything unkind about Grover Cleveland's personal appearance. You know I couldn't well do that, for some people have claimed to see a strong resemblance between his features and figure and mine. Whether that be true or not, my fellow-citizens, I want to assure you of one thing: I never had to back up to a door to knock."

Kubelik, the noted violinist, was once playing by request before the inmates of an insane asylum, the superintendent of which believed that music was a fine medicine for unbalanced minds. He played a brilliant Slav composition, thinking that was surely of the cheerful character wanted. As he finished, a very pretty young woman arose and beckoned to him. He thought, artist like, that she wanted an encore, and so said to the doctor: "Ask her what she desires?" He rose to his feet and was about to question her, when she exclaimed: "To think of the likes of me being in here and he being at large in the world!"

The French Baron Rothschild once had in his service a valet named Alphonse—first class, but an acknowledged "red." This valet obtained permission once a week to attend the meetings of his Socialist lodge. Suddenly the baron noticed that Alphonse no longer desired this off night, and, inquiring into the cause, was informed that the valet's late Socialist colleagues had worked out a calculation that if all the wealth of France were divided equally per capita each individual would be the possessor of two thousand francs. "Monsieur," said Alphonse, with dignity, "I resigned. I have five thousand francs!"

A certain Pittsburg millionaire visited Philadelphia's splendid Academy of the Natural Sciences. Its

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MME. ALBANI, the Canadian prima donna, who won her great reputation as artist and singer in England, and whose career has been passed in Europe, is making her farewell tour of her native land, and on Thursday evening of last week gave, at Massey Hall, what was announced to be her local farewell. There was an audience that nearly filled the auditorium, and the singer was affectionately and appreciatively received. It would be affectionate to say that Mme. Albani is as great as ever. Her voice is showing signs of hardness in the upper register, but she sings with her accustomed artistic significance, and her intonation on Thursday night was truer than it was on the occasion of her immediately preceding visit to this city. Her opening number, the aria "L'Amore," from Mozart's opera "Il Re Pastore," displayed her accustomed finesse of style, her sympathy with the character of the music, and her musicianly phrasing and expression. To the enthusiastic encore demanded she responded with the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with violin obligato by Mr. Haydn Wood. Here Mme. Albani revealed her intimate grasp of the religious sentiment of the words, as well as of the essence of the music itself, which originally came to Gounod as a meditation on the first prelude of Bach. Her next appearance was as soprano soloist in Mendelssohn's motette, "Hear My Prayer," the choral part being sung by Dr. Torrington's Festival Chorus, with Dr. Charles A. E. Harris at the organ. Her rendering of the solo part was beautifully conceived, and I have not heard in this city a more effective ensemble in this composition, the chorus, conducted by Dr. Torrington, more than sustaining their reputation, and singing with admirable quality of tone and good shading. As it was not thought desirable to repeat the number, Mme. Albani responded to the acclamations that followed with Wilbey's setting of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," which she interpreted with much feeling and with very distinct delivery of the words. Mme. Albani's closing numbers were Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," German's "Daffodils Blowing," and, as encores, Tosti's "Good-Bye" and "Home, Sweet Home." I was personally disappointed with the "Good-Bye." It seemed to lack sincerity. "Home, Sweet Home," repeated its never-failing success when sung by a great singer. The concert introduced another Canadian singer, Mlle. Eva Gauthier, a mezzo-contralto, with a flexible voice of engaging timbre. One supposed that Mlle. Gauthier was slightly nervous on her first coming forward, as in her rendering of the Handel air from "Rinaldo," there was a distinct tremulousness in her voice, which disappeared to a great extent when later she gave Rossini's "Bel Raggio." The third vocalist was Mr. Albert Archdeacon, an English baritone, with a smooth, mellow voice, and a well-schooled style. His principal number was that favorite of baritone's, the prologue to "I Pagliacci." The solo pianist was Miss Adela Verne, a most brilliant performer, who gave a seizing rendering of the Liszt Rhapsody, No. 2, replete with fire, abandon and caprice; Sauer's "Fluttering Leaves," with charming daintiness; and Liszt's "Liebestraum," with well-sustained singing power. The violinist, Mr. Haydn Wood, who played as violin solo some variations on a caprice of Paganini, requiring great digital dexterity, and two other pieces, proved to be an executant of virtuosos attainments and, altogether, scored a decided success. It was announced in the programmes that Mme. Albani would sing in "The Redemption" with the Festival Chorus at Massey Hall in April.

Mr. A. B. Jury, who has won reputation as organist and choirmaster of Parkdale Methodist Church, has resigned that position and has accepted the charge of the choir of the Richmond Avenue Methodist Church, Buffalo. He will leave Toronto May 1st. Mrs. Jury has also resigned as soprano soloist. Mr. and Mrs. Jury's classes here will be continued till midsummer. Mr. Jury's departure will be a distinct loss to the musical community of the west end.

Just as this column is going to press I learn that Mr. Edward Broome, the Montreal organist and composer, has been appointed organist and choir-master of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, in succession to Mr. Vogt.

Mr. A. S. Vogt is arranging for an extended tour through Europe during the coming summer, for the purpose of studying the conditions governing choral work, more particularly in England, Germany, Austria, France, and possibly Russia. Several leading choral conductors of England and the Continent have already extended cordial invitations to the Toronto conductor to be present at rehearsals of their choirs, and the trip will doubtless prove both interesting and attractive, as illustrating the difference in choral methods in the countries visited.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth's very talented and accomplished pupil, Miss Valborg Martine Zollner, will give a piano recital in the Nordheimer Concert Hall, King street east, at four o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon.

A writer in "T. P.'s Weekly" tells how "The Maple Leaf for Ever" came to be written. It was on an October day in 1867 that Alexander Muir, then a vigorous young man, walked with a friend in a Toronto park. The dying maple leaves were falling from the trees, and one fluttered down on

to the coat-sleeve of Alexander, and stayed there because of the roughness of the cloth. He tried to brush it away. He thought he had done so. But no, it was still there. Its tenacity made an impression upon him. Then he was struck by the beauty of its crimson and gold hues. "You have been writing verses; why not write a song about the maple leaf?" asked his companion, as they were saying farewell. Muir went home, and in less than two hours he had written the poem that has made his name known in every part of Canada.—Westminster "Gazette."

The eminent Danish critic, George Brandes, calls Heine the wisest man that ever lived. He is the only German poet who is "much and steadily" outside of Germany, and he is the favorite poet of musicians.

"Both in and out of Germany he is as much sung as read. His poems have given occasion to more than 3,000 musical compositions. In 1887 the solo-songs alone (leaving out of account the duets, quartettes and choruses) numbered 2,500. Heine has counted 160 settings of 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' 83 each of 'Ich hab' im Traum gewinet' and 'Leise zieht durch meine Gemuth,' 76 of 'Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam,' and 37 of 'Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.' Among these compositions are many of the most beautiful songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Robert Franz, and Rubinstein, very few of which the poet himself can have heard. Of all the German lyric poets Heine is the one whose songs have been most frequently set to music. After him, with his 3,000 compositions, comes Goethe, with about 1,700; the others follow far behind."

While Mr. Safonoff was unanimously acclaimed in London as a conductor of the rank of Hans Richter and Nikisch, some voices were raised against his idea that within ten years all conductors will, like himself, get along without a baton. The London "World" has these interesting remarks:

"The stick is, of course, a comparatively modern institution, and at first its use was looked upon as an insult to the players. Most of us remember that when it was first used at a Philharmonic concert the directors stood at the side in a state of mingled alarm and indignation. This is an attitude characteristic, of course, of a type of musician which will endure as long as the art itself, and the intellectual progeny of these directors is now alarmed and indignant at the attempt to abolish the baton. At first its absence creates a strange impression, but that soon wears off. M. Safonoff is a very tall man, and that, no doubt, helps him, and he has, by nature or cultivation, very expressive gestures; how far a man of less commanding presence and arms and hands less obedient to his will could dispense with the baton remains to be seen. M. Safonoff is a conductor of whom one would like to hear more, for he is interesting and versatile. His reading of the third 'Leonora' overture was both dignified and consistent. He played no tricks, and indulged in no new readings, but tried sincerely to interpret the music as the composer intended, with plenty of variety and a fine sense of emotional and dynamic climax. It was extremely good, but not startling. In Tchaikovsky's symphony we had a splendid variety of expression, a most dramatic intensity of feeling, and in spite of much carefully planned and brilliantly executed detail, a highly impressive bigness of outline. The alternations of despondent gloom and barbaric exultation were truly Slavonic (or what the Western supposes to be Slavonic), and the playing of the beautiful slow movement and the really admirable way in which the climaxes of the finale were led up to each other overtopping its predecessor by just the right distance, showed him to be a real master of the orchestra."

The distinguished trio, consisting of Messrs. Henri Marteau, violin; Gerardy, violoncello, and August Goellner, piano, gave an admirable concert at Massey Hall on Wednesday evening. The audience was not large, a fact to be accounted for, perhaps, by the specially numerous musical attractions we have had this season. The trio were first heard in a Beethoven, Op. 97, which was given a most finished performance, remarkable alike for the beauty of the individual tone from each instrument and for the perfection of the execution and the loving care bestowed upon the interpretation. M. Gerardy followed with Beethoven's Symphonic Variations for violoncello, with piano accompaniment, which, while a trifle long, coming immediately after so extended a work as the Beethoven trios, proved very interesting, and was superbly played. M. Gerardy, who is a favorite here, is one of the masters of the grand style of violoncello playing. He has a broad, sonorous tone, is a consummate technician, his precision and intonation being without reproach. His style, moreover, is virile, one gets no morbid sentimentalities from him, although he has plenty of temperament, and an expression that is warm and healthy. M. Marteau contributed the next number, movements from Lalo's Spanish Symphony, a composition of marked character, with numerous moments of absorbing interest, and offering great technical difficulties. The violinist played this music with fine abandon and brilliant execution, and with a tone that, always beautiful, commanded a wide range of nuances and color. M. Marteau's style has matured since he first appeared here

as a youth; he is now secure in his position as a finished virtuoso and as a sound and legitimate interpreter. He seems to have gained in volume of tone, although it was difficult to judge exactly as to this, the small audience being specially favorable to the sonority of the stringed instruments. M. Goellner was an agreeable surprise both as soloist and ensemble player. He is a brilliant pianist, with a well-developed technique and with a tone that, while powerful, does not suggest the forcing of the instrument. All this was evident in his rendering of Chopin's stirring Polonaise in A flat, which M. Goellner gave with fire and spirit. His crescendo in the famous octave passages for the left hand, combined with the well-cut definition of their delivery, was a tour de force. The smaller solo numbers were the Bach slow aria, Schumann's "Abendlied," Schubert's "Berceuse" and Poppert's "Papillons," by M. Gerardy, and Brahms' Hungarian Dance, No. 5, Godard's Adagio Pathétique and Saurer's dainty "Farfalla," by M. Marteau, all delightfully rendered.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist of the Centenary Methodist Church, Hamilton, has received two grateful compliments recently. He was seen by the committee of Jarvis Street Baptist Church in regard to the position of organist there, soon to be vacant by the retirement of Mr. A. S. Vogt, and was also approached by representatives of the Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit, as to succeeding Mr. Arthur Dewey, the present organist, who goes shortly to New York. Mr. Hewlett declined both propositions, believing that there is scope for his usefulness in the field of music in Hamilton.

Last Saturday afternoon's recital at the Toronto College of Music was given by pupils of the Intermediate Department. The programme included the following numbers: Godard, Valse Chromatique; Mildred Leach; Mendelssohn, Andante; Rondo Capriccioso; Olive Henderson; Mascagni, "Ave Maria" (vocal); Leahore Spencer; Bergel, Marcia Fantastica; Herbert Cosford; Raff, Polonaise; C sharp minor; Grace Kent; Wollenhaupt, "Morceau en forme d'étude"; Gertrude Perry; Tschakovsky, Andante (organ); Howard West. The teachers represented were: Mrs. R. A. Howson, Miss Porter and T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac.

Pupils of the Model School of Music gave three recitals last week, which were enjoyed by large audiences on Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon. The first programme was given by Miss Elma Ferguson, a talented young piano pupil of Mr. Wilbur G. Grant. For one so young, Miss Ferguson showed marked intelligence and steadiness, playing entirely from memory seven compositions of Mendelssohn, Bach, Orth, Godard, Lavallee and Lack. Miss Ferguson was assisted by Miss Emily Findlay, soprano, of the teaching staff, and Mr. Fred Singer, who is making rapid progress as a violin pupil of Miss Marguerite Waste. The following pupils took part in the programme: Friday and Saturday, Mrs. F. Miller, Misses Alice Black, Grace Vokes, Violet Dennis, Lottie Belle Reynolds, Ella Bennis, May Lawson, Lena Langley, Beatrice Wellington, Ethel Rawlinson, Gretta Robinson, Gladys Sutton, Jessie Constable, Irene Maguire, Millicent Sparling, Mary O'Connor, Lillian Birch, Mary Taylor, Dolly Lee Reynolds, Adeline Knox, Ida Collins, Messrs. Fred Singer, Arthur Martin, Armand Boissoneau, Masters George Vogt, Arthur Burridge, Stewart Hawley, Rowland Lock and Frank Quigley. On Friday evening the pupils were assisted by Miss Ida M. Dudgeon of the school staff in a reading of "His Mother's Sermon."

There was a large attendance of the Toronto Festival Chorus at the rehearsal on Tuesday evening last, and good work was done in the preparation of Gounod's "Redemption" for April 23rd. A large number of basses and tenors registered, and there is room for more. A general rehearsal, with the orchestra, will be held on Saturday evening at Massey Hall, at eight o'clock, at which every member and all those who purpose entering the chorus for this work are asked to be present.

On Saturday afternoon last an organ recital was given at the Metropolitan Church by Mr. J. Persse-Smith, organist of St. Thomas' Church. There was a large audience. The programme was an excellent one, and comprised Prelude and Fugue, Mendelssohn; Andante from violin sonata in F, Beethoven; Finale from symphony in G, Haydn; Canonet, "The Wanderer," Fesca; "Schiller March," Meyerbeer; overture, "Stradella," Flotow; Caprice, "Le Depart," Anon; concert Fantasia, Sir S. P. Stewart.

Mrs. Adamson announces her annual concert with the Conservatory String Orchestra, for April 3rd. She will have the assistance of Miss Marie L. Caldwell, pianist; Mrs. R. B. O'Sullivan, soprano, and Mr. Marley B. Sherris, baritone.

CHERUBINO.

He Wanted to See It.

There resides in St. Louis a politician as well known in that vicinity for his wit as for his corpulence. Now for some time the St. Louis man has been much disturbed by his increasing avoirdupois, trying many remedies without success. At the instance of a friend, he recently took the baths at a resort in Indiana recommended for the purpose. At the end of two or three weeks he returned in a happy and jocular frame of mind, for he had managed to get rid of quite a good deal of his superfluous flesh.

The day after his return he was on his way down town, when he stopped at the butcher shop that supplied his household. Dashing inside, he de-

manded that the butcher cut for him twenty pounds of pork.

The butcher, who once complied. The politician looked at the twenty pounds of pork for a moment or two, then began to walk away without further ado.

"Send it to the house?" asked the butcher, thinking that his customer had overlooked the usual instruction.

"Not at all, not at all!" smilingly exclaimed the politician. "We never eat pork; in fact, have no use for it. The fact is, I've fallen off twenty pounds and I merely wanted to get an idea of how much that looked like."—Harper's Weekly.

Nothing Doing.

An author who makes a specialty of stories of "our great Middle West," with a heart-throb in each, tells of an odd character in a little town in that region, says "Harper's Weekly." This odd chap, who afterwards served the author as the main figure of a book that was largely successful, lived alone in a cabin. Woman's care being, of course, unknown, the cabin presented the spectacle of the triumphant reign of dirt and disorder.

Somewhat the two chances to talk of cooking and cooking utensils. "I had one of them cook-books wunst," observed the old fellow, "but I couldn't do nawthin' with it."

"What was the trouble?" asked the author.

"Why, everything in the book began with, 'First take a clean dish.'"

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SOCIETY at the CAPITAL

ALTHOUGH the season of Lent in a great measure forbids the gayer and larger functions being indulged in, yet the number of smaller events that are daily taking place in the Capital bids fair to compensate for their absence. To many it is a lottery each day as to which tea or luncheon shall be cut out, and in nearly all cases it is pretty much a matter of distance as to how many teas can be "taken in" during an afternoon. The presence in town of so many visitors "seasonal" and otherwise accounts for this, Ottawa hostesses being noted for their hospitality, especially to outsiders.

On Monday evening several very smart dinners were on the tapis, one of which was given by the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Fitzpatrick in honor of their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allan of Montreal, who came up for the State functions, and extended their visit until the middle of the week. Those who shared the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick were: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mr. and Mrs. Bergeron of Montreal, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gormully.

On the same evening several of the younger set enjoyed a very jolly little dinner at the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver's residence, this pleasant affair having been given especially as a good-bye to Mr. Alec Newton, brother of the popular Aide, who has been in Ottawa for several weeks, and left on Wednesday for his ranch near Calgary. Those who had the opportunity of wishing this popular young rancher Godspeed were Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Helen Anderson, Miss Nannie Girouard, Mr. Felton Gilmour, Mr. Hammett Hill, Mr. Hance Logan, M.P., and Captain Newton.

Miss Chipman of Winnipeg was the "bright particular star" of Mrs. Crombie's tea on Monday, when the list of guests was a long one, including all Ottawa's smartest set, as well as the following out-of-town visitors: Mrs. Killam of Winnipeg; Mrs. George Burton, Mrs. Henry Osler, and Mrs. Allan Cassels of Toronto; Mrs. Armand Laverne of Quebec; Miss Estelle Holland and Miss Bovey of Montreal, and Miss Blanche Hall of Quebec.

A dinner at Government House on Tuesday evening was more especially for the entertainment of several of the Cabinet ministers and M.P.'s with the addition of a few Ottawans. The list of honored ones included Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Maclean, Hon. Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Maclelland, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Dandurand, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Gourdeau, Mr. and Mrs. Gobeil, Mr. and Mrs. De Celles, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Bell, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Nicholson, Hon. O. and Mrs. Lambert, Mr. R. Forget, M.P., and Mrs. Forget, Mr. Lake, M.P., Mr. Dymont, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fortescue and Miss Dainty.

Another of Tuesday's dinners was that at which Hon. Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard entertained Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. L. P. and Madame Brodeur, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Hon. N. A. and Mrs. Belcourt, Lady Tilley and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. O'Halloran.

Two delightfully arranged teas added to the gay doings of Tuesday, one to which Mrs. J. J. Gormully invited a number of young men and maidens and several of the younger matrons, to meet Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal, who was with Mrs. E. C. Grant for a short time, some of the guests being: Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Mrs. David Gilmour, Mrs. Harry Cassels, Mrs. Harry Fitzhugh, Mrs. J. A. Smellie, Miss Chipman of Winnipeg, Miss Eileen Hingston of Montreal, Miss Kathleen Kirchhoffer and her visitors, Miss Tilly of England and Miss Gillette of New York, the Misses LeMoine, Miss Crombie, Miss Marjorie Blair, Mr. Felton Gilmour, Mr. A. G. Lewis, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, Mr. John Thompson and Mr. Sam McDougall.

A second and very large tea came off at the same time at Mrs. Oliver's, when the many bright young friends of the Misses Dora and Clara Oliver spent an exceedingly jolly afternoon, as is a foregone conclusion where so much youth is congregated.

Hon. Charles Hyman added to his popularity as a "prince of good fellows," and a prime host, by inviting a number of the Parliamentary sojourners now in the Capital to a dinner-dance on Tuesday evening at that favorite spot, the Golf Club-House. Special trams carried the party to and from their destination, and an orchestra played prettily during the progress of the dinner, and later on in the ballroom, when dancing was indulged in for a short time. Carnations and lilies of the valley made the table one of the daintiest and sweetest seen this season, and those who enjoyed this well-arranged function were: Hon. Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Sutherland, and their guest, Miss Gray of Kalamazoo, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Miss Paterson, and their visitor, Miss Cockshutt of Brantford, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie, Mr. Armand Laverne, M.P., and Mrs. Laverne, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Thompson and their visitor, Mrs. Cooper of Toronto, the Misses Oliver, Mrs. Thomas of Buffalo, who is staying with Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Aylesworth,

Miss Grange of Napanee, Mr. Dymont, M.P., Mr. W. S. Calvert, M.P., and Mrs. Calvert, Sir Charles Ross, Bart., Mr. Norman Wilson, M.P., Mr. Hance Logan, M.P., Mr. Zimmerman, M.P., Mr. Leighton McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Pardee, M.P., and Mr. Sam McDougall.

The Golf Club-House was again the scene of a bright entertainment, especially in honor of sessional visitors, on Wednesday afternoon. Sir Frederick and Lady Borden having chosen this pretty spot in which to welcome many old friends of former sessions, as well as several new ones. The pretty flower-bedecked tea-table, which was arranged in the ballroom, was looked after by Miss Mary Griffin, Miss Harriot Grant and Miss Annie Paterson. Many worthy M.P.'s were noticed in the large throng who came and went during the afternoon, as well as all the sessional lady visitors in town just now.

Among Thursday's bright events was numbered a luncheon, at which Mrs. R. L. Borden entertained several visitors, as well as Ottawans, her guests including Mrs. Evans of Winnipeg, who came down with Captain Evans to pay the latter's sisters a short visit. Mrs. McKen of Halifax, Mrs. Norriss Worthington of Sherbrooke, Mrs. Allan Cassels of Toronto, Mrs. Hugh Lumsden, Mrs. Bergeron of Montreal, Mrs. Charles Harris, Mrs. Berkeley Powell, Mrs. Fred Carling and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon.

Mrs. Leonard Vaux was another of Thursday's luncheon hostesses, her guest of honor being Mrs. Patterson of Embro, Ont. About twelve guests sat down to a table beautifully arranged with American Beauty roses and crimson ribbons.

Thursday's tea hostesses were the Misses Evans, Mrs. Colborne Meredith, Madame Dandurand and Mrs. Fred W. Powell, and in the evening a jolly little dinner-dance came off at the Golf Club, which was given by several of the young bachelors for Miss Vassie of St. John, N.B., who is Miss Fielding's guest. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burritt chaperoned the party, which, needless to say, was a very enjoyable one.

A "seasonal" tea on Friday, with Mrs. George H. Perley as hostess, although of the nature termed "informal," was very cosy and much enjoyed. Miss Marjorie Webb of Quebec, the hostess' niece, assisted in receiving.

Miss Clergue of Sault Ste. Marie, at present with Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dandurand, was the "raison d'être" of Mrs. Doutre's bridge party, when Madame Dandurand carried off first prize. Two other smart gatherings on Friday had as their honored guest Miss Eileen Hingston of Montreal, one a tea at which Mrs. and Miss Mary Gray entertained, and the second, a dinner, to which Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott invited twelve young people.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, March 19th, 1906.

THE AUTO IN THE MUD.

AMONG the manufacturers of the larger and more expensive touring cars it has become an accepted stunt to travel 1,000 miles without stopping the motor. This has several times been accomplished, more often on the track than on the road, and usually under generally favorable circumstances.

It has remained for Mr. W. F. Smith of Philadelphia to accomplish this feat under the most severe conditions of road and weather, and with a car equipped with a double opposed motor and selling at \$1,200.

The run started at noon Tuesday, February 20th, from the Rambler Branch, 242 North Broad street, Philadelphia, and was made in relays of 38 miles each, finishing at the starting point and going through the hilly sections around Ogontz. During the run the car was in charge of J. E. Baughner, C. B. Cleaver, Herbert Bittner and Joseph Kechline, the last two named making the final relay of the thousand miles.

During all of one day and night the car ploughed through mud and water in one of the worst rain storms of the year, the mud being in some cases nearly to the hubs. Notwithstanding this, and the constant running day and night, up hill and down, the operators were never called upon to make adjustments of any sort. When finally stopped by Senator Vivian S. Gable the engine had been running continuously for ninety-eight hours and six minutes, and the car had covered 1383 miles under the worst conditions ever encountered by an automobile.

In all its muddy grandeur the car was then taken to the Automobile Show.

How to Warm Slippers.

"Young wife" writes: "I am very fond of reading advice to newly married folk. Recently I saw a hint that every husband is gratified if he finds his slippers ready warmed for him when he comes home of an evening. Please advise me as to the proper way to warm slippers."

Go to the cellar and get a hod of coal. You should have a slow fire going in the kitchen range during the afternoon. Rake the coals down to a level bed and pour in the hod of coal and open the drafts. When the stovepipe shows red to the ceiling, and the top of the range is a cream yellow, and is so hot that a drop of water will evaporate when within two inches of the surface, close the damper and wait until the range cools down

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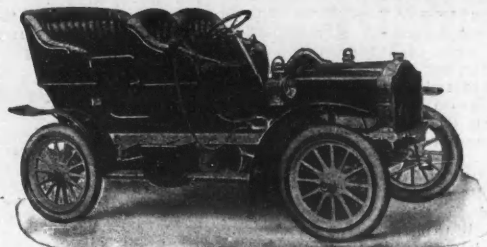
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The late Justice Daly, of New York, frequently enlivened the tedium of legal proceedings had before him by his kindly wit.

One day a suit was brought before him in which damages were claimed by reason of an assault. Plaintiff had been knocked down by the defendant and severely pummelled while prostrate. One of the witnesses seemed very reluctant to answer the questions put to him on cross-examination, in which he was upheld by the court.

"With all due respect to your Honor," complained the attorney for the plaintiff, "the court does not appear to take cognizance of the underlying principle in this case."

"In my opinion," replied his Honor, good-naturedly, "the underlying principle in this case is your client, Mr. Attorney."

To the Rescue.

A well-known actress says that one afternoon, while she was being piloted in a hansom through a particularly congested section of Broadway, she glanced through her window and discovered that in another han-

son jammed against her own there sat a man she knew.

The two vehicles ambled along for some distance side by side, but all efforts of the lady to catch the eye of her friend were unavailing. Signs and telephatic communications alike failed to attract the attention of the unconscious passenger to the right.

It would seem that the driver of the lady's hansom had observed through his trap the difficulties of the actress, for in the kindness of his heart he leaned over to one side and with the butt of his whip prodding the driver of the other vehicle, observed:

"Tom, for Heaven's sake, tell the gentleman to smile at the lady!"—*"Harper's Weekly."*

One Objector.

"Tommy, why are you not at your sister's wedding?"

"Cause she's marryin' the wrong man, an' I told 'em I'd sing right out an' tell the preacher so."

"What is the matter with the young man?"

"He yanked me out from under the sofa once an' spanked me!"—*Chicago Tribune.*



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One Antique Persian Hall Strip, very silky, small, pretty, medallion pattern, size 10 ft. 3 in. x 3 ft. 3 in.; regular price \$45, special price for one week, \$35.

One Antique Serebend Rug, very silky, small pattern, old rose ground, size 7 ft. 1 in. x 4 ft. 4 in.; regular price \$50, special for one week, \$35.

Two Silk Prayer Rugs, crimson and blue centers; regular price \$95, special for one week, \$50.

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THE AUTOMOBILE and GOOD ROADS

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

IN one respect the automobile is doing more for us than it is for France. It is giving us good roads—not, of course, directly giving them to us, but it is the greatest force working for them that has ever taken shape. Every one who tastes the pleasures of automobiling at once becomes an uncompromising advocate of good roads.

France had her good roads before the advent of the automobile, and because of her good roads receives in the aggregate, through the automobile, a tremendous annual income for her people.

Much as this means to our sister republic, however, I am certain that America is being benefited even more, vastly more, through the influence of the automobile. While we are not yet drawing foreigners to our shores to spend their holidays, as France is, we are nevertheless marvelously increasing the worth of our enormous acreage throughout the length and breadth of the land, by the good roads we are building and those scheduled to be built.

Give us fine, broad, macadam roads everywhere, and our farm lands and the suburbs of cities and villages, stretching out even to a great distance, will bound in values. Good roads eliminate distance and make neighbors of us all. So do automobiles, like railways, the telegraph and telephone, eliminate distance. Combined, they enlarge the scope of the city by a hundred miles, giving us city comforts and conveniences with the pure air and sunlight and space and freedom of the country.

The automobile has arrived. It has met the bitterest prejudices and the most deadly scoffing, and come up against stubborn and narrow laws, but in spite of these it has been developed and perfected and has triumphed. Already has been absorbed into our civilization, even as the trolley, the electric light, and every other luxury that so rapidly crystallizes into a necessity.

With the recognition that the automobile has come to stay, prejudice generally is giving way to toleration and to reason. It is no longer war between the motor car and the horse. Harmony between them is the keynote of the new order of things. It is getting to be felt, too, that after all there are some pretty decent and really thoughtful, humane men among automobilists. And this feeling helps—helps very much. Such a feeling, with a better understanding of the automobile, means better and more rational laws, more elastic laws, legislation that will suit the motor car—not the kind that is based on the performance of the horse.

It were well nigh as sensible to make railway laws to conform to the scope of the horse as to hold the automobile down to the hard and fast limits allowed that ancient and erratic quadruped. As an automobilist myself, and one who is a strong advocate of motoring, both for health and pleasure, I am nevertheless unalterably opposed to the enactment of any laws that would work to the advantage of the automobilist and to the disadvantage of the public. The public should be considered first always, and then be fair and rational with the automobilist.

For example, if an automobile going at the rate of twenty miles an hour can be stopped in half the distance it would require to stop a horse traveling eight miles an hour, isn't the automobile clearly less dangerous to the public, even though moving at the greater speed, than the horse is at the lesser? If this is so, why should the horse be accepted as the standard of measurement of the speed of the automobile in and about cities and villages?

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Father's Forgotten Classics.

William had just returned from college to spend his spring vacation. One of the things most noticed by the young man was Fanny, the daughter of Si Perkins, a near neighbor, who had, during his absence, changed from a tomboyish schoolgirl into a very beautiful young woman. It seems his father had also noticed the change, and remarked to his son:

"William, have you noticed how old Si Perkins's daughter, Fanny, has shot up? Seems to me she's getting to be a jolly handsome young critter!"

"She certainly is, father," said William, enthusiastically. "Fanny is as beautiful as Hebe!"

"Where's your eyes, boy?" objected the father. "She's a darn sight purtier than he be! Old Si is as homely as Bill Jones's bull pup."—Exchange.

Identity in a Street Car.

The car was crowded, and there being two or three polite men left in Indianapolis, one of the two or three gave her a seat in the forward end of the car. He remained on the platform to finish his cigar. She always lets him do that.

When the conductor came along the smoker presented two tickets.

"Who is this for?"

"The lady up in front."

"Yes, but there are several up there."

"Oh, well, let's see! I'm paying for the one under Eat-'em-Quick Biscuits."—Indianapolis News.

A Warning.

A young man in New York, who is ambitious to attain fame at the bar, was conversing with a friend touching the probabilities of success, when the latter was moved to take a pessimistic view of the situation.

"Don't you," he asked, "ever despair of gaining a good practice at the law?"

"I do not," was the confident response of the youthful disciple of Blackstone.

"At least you will admit," went on the other, "that the profession is already overcrowded."

"Perhaps it is," laughingly responded the youth. "All the same, I propose to graduate in law, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chance."

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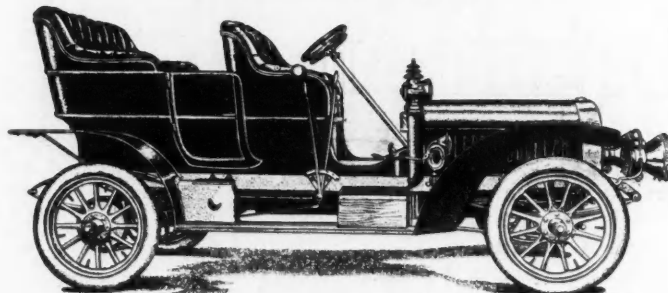
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PRINCESS

3 NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE MARCH 29-30-31

ELEANOR ROBSON

SUSAN IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

Adapted by E. V. Presbrey from a Story by Jerome K. Jerome.

SATURDAY MATINEE and EVG.

THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING

By Clyde Fitch.

"Quack-Quack?"—"Bow-Wow!"

Whatever difficulty the problem of the Chinese on the Rand may prove to hold for Lord Elgin in his capacity as Minister for the Colonies, there can scarcely arise such embarrassment as presented itself to the present peer's father when he met the Chinese at home. It was while he was on his first mission to China, and the specific occasion a great State banquet. Ministering to the wants of the Briton was a waiter who had the Chinaman's normal command of pidgin-English. A dish which was savory yet apparently not wholly unfamiliar in flavor was presented to the Ambassador. Unostentatiously he sniffed and tasted, and felt on sure ground. To make seeming certainty doubly sure, he turned to his man. "Quack-quack?" he queried, pointing to his plate. The man smiled his blandest as he barked, "Bow-wow!"

Emancipation, Indeed!

Childhood's happy hours were fleeting, and yet the foolish youngsters were bothering their little brains with plans as to what they were going to be when they were "grewed up."

"Think I'll be a dustman," answered seven-year-old Hubert. "It must be jolly to have a big horse and cart, and never have to wash yourself."

"I'm going to keep a candy shop," answered Charles, with an anticipatory smack.

"I'm going to be a schoolmaster, and, say, won't I just use the cane!" declared Roland. "What are you going to be, Kate?"

For little ten-year-old Kate had stood silent during the discussion, and even now shook her head to signify that she did not intend to divulge her pet ambition.

"Oh, leave her alone," said Peter contemptuously; "girls only ever want to get married."

But when the boys, with ignoble aims, had run away to play, Kate confided in her favorite aunt.

"I wouldn't tell before them," she said scornfully; "but what I really want to be is a Judge of the High Court, and"—her voice became solemn—"beyond human control!"

"Answers."

Compensation.

Go out if you will, and walk with Nature alone on the hillside in the evening, but if your favorite child lies ill at home, or your lover comes to-morrow, or at your heart there lies a scheme for the holding of wealth, then you will return as you went out; you will have seen nothing. For Nature, ever like the old Hebrew God, cries out, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Only then, when there comes a pause, a blank in your life, when the old idol is broken, when the old hope is dead, when the old desire is crushed, then the divine compensation of Nature is made manifest. She shows herself to you. So near she draws you, you feel the throb of her life.—Olive Schreiner.

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SOCIETY

Lieutenant-Colonel, Mrs. and the Misses J. Dunlop Gemmill, formerly of Ottawa, attended the Court ball, given by Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy, at the Quirinal Palace, Rome, on February 22nd. Lieutenant-Colonel Gemmill had the honor, previously, of a private audience with the King of Italy.

The social event of next week will be the production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Princess Theater, under the auspices of the Argonaut Rowing Club. The opening performance, on Tuesday night next, will be under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Young of 607 Spadina avenue have returned from an extended trip through Southern California and the Southwestern States.

There is something more or less romantic in having a studio in an old house. The mystery of bygone years has a charm that seems to harmonize with things artistic. Mr. Clemens is one of our younger artists who realizes this in taking a studio in the historic old English basement house at 65 Bloor street east. Not alone is the house of interest, but the studio itself is rich in articles artistic, historic and curious, including a collection of brasses. Mr. Clemens has kindly consented to have "open studio" on Saturday afternoons.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Mrs. H. J. Howe, Mrs. S. Bruce Harman, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Morrison, Miss M. Morrison, Mrs. Harry Hughes, Miss Ada Quigley, Mr. O. B. Dorland, Mrs. H. R. Frankland, Miss Beatrice Frankland, Mr. A. J. Leslie, Mr. George H. Elliott, of Toronto; Mr. J. Z. Dickie of Berlin, Germany; Mr. E. Douglas Gates of Hamilton; Captain and Mrs. E. Burke of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Mosher of Collingwood, Mrs. Bertha Merritt of St. Catharines, Mr. W. Fischer of Elmira, Mr. C. E. Osbourne of Detroit, Mrs. Varanus Snell, Mrs. J. P. Shaw of Brockton, Mass., Miss Annie Bains of Chatham, Mr. H. G. Collins, Mr. H. H. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Vichery of New York, Mr. A. B. Brown of Buffalo, His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario, of Kingston.

Interest Aroused.

"I could die for you!" he cried. "You don't say," retorted the girl, indifferently. "And," he continued, "my life is insured for \$25,000." "I am yours!" she cried, "till death."—Philadelphia "Press."

The Modern Way.

"What! Wed such a parvenu!" exclaimed the proud beauty. "He has millions," responded her social mentor. "And, remember, you need not associate with him after you are married."—Philadelphia "Bulletin."

Couldn't See It.

Poet—There is that exquisite creature, Miss Pearlina, over there. Unlock for me the door of hope by introducing me to that mixture of woman and angel!

Practical Friend—Can't do it, my boy; don't know the combination.—Baltimore "American."

"Why does all the world love a lover?" "Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "it flatters our vanity to observe people who are in love, and think how much more sensible we are by comparison."—Washington "Star."

Travelers' Cheques.

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VICE OF BEING TOO BUSY.

It happens that the men who might be presumed to have their time most occupied with business are usually able to give plenty of time to their friends and to affairs of a public or charitable character; while men that have not much to do are frequently unable to make time out of their day for any work not directly gainful to themselves, says the San Francisco "Bulletin." It is the small-brained, fussy men that don't amount to much and never accomplish big things who are the busiest. They are not tall enough intellectually to distinguish between what is petty and what is essential and worth while. To their minds it is a merit to be busy, even though one be doing useless work. They see virtue in the fact of being at their desks precisely at 8, and scratching away there until 6 or later, notwithstanding that much of the work done is superfluous and none of it important.

A really big man orders his day intelligently, and leaves to subordinates the jobs that they can perform as well as he. He does not waste his own time or the time of his subordinates on work that is not worth doing at all. His conscience doesn't ache if he idles an hour or half a day, neglecting no important, pressing task. He doesn't fret over the suspicion that his employees relax, at moments, and do less work on some days than they could do when driven at the highest pressure. He knows human

nature and is aware that the most faithful employee, the sort of man who asks no rest in emergencies, will take matters easily at other times when there is no urgent occasion for haste.

The Man for Her.

"Man's made," she mused, "of dust, they say; The man I want is he With sand enough to find a way To make the dust for me."—Philadelphia "Press."

A Matter of Equilibrium.

Dr. Torrey, the English evangelist who recently conducted meetings here, is a man of ready wit, which he uses with effect when interrupted while speaking. On one occasion in London a bibulous fellow arose and announced, waveringly, that he did not believe everything in the Bible. "I don't see how anybody can walk on water," he declared. "Can you do it, Dr. Torrey?"

The preacher looked grimly at the man for a moment, and then answered: "Well, I can walk on water better than I can on rum."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
CASSELLS—Toronto, March 19, Mrs. Robert Cassels, a daughter.
CLARKE—Toronto, March 17, Mrs. J. T. Clarke, a daughter.
DEXTER—Toronto, March 18, Mrs. T. G. Dexter, a son.
HETHERINGTON—Toronto, March 17, Mrs. J. A. Hetherington, a son.

MAULE—Toronto, March 19, Mrs. Percy S. Maule, a son.

Marriages.

COWLING—WILEY—Toronto, March 20, Alice Grace Wiley to E. A. Cowling.
MIDDLETON—SPINK—Buffalo, March 17, Ruby Irene Spink to Herbert Heber Middleton.

Deaths.

BLAKE—Toronto, March 20, Richard Blake, aged 44 years.
FAULKNER—Toronto, March 20, William Faulkner, aged 76 years.
HASSARD—Toronto, March 20, Mrs. Nixon Hassard, aged 65 years.
HARRISON—Toronto, March 20, William Harrison, aged 75 years.
MOORE—Toronto, March 18, William E. B. Moore, B.A. '05, aged 24 years.
MacLEAN—Toronto, March 21, Mrs. John MacLean.

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Sousa's Band at the Pure Food Show.

The music-loving people of Toronto will be pleased to learn that Sousa's Band is coming to Toronto again. They will be at Massey Hall on Saturday, the 31st of this month, and will give two concerts; one in the afternoon and one in the evening. The band will appear in connection with the Pure Food Show, and this will positively be the only concert that they will give in Toronto this season. The band has but lately returned from a tour in Europe, and brings back with it fresh laurels gained over there. Reserved seats can be secured by application to the Box Office at Massey Hall, where the plan is now open. The price of general admission to the Pure Food Show will be twenty-five cents, and only ten cents extra for reserved seats for the afternoon performance of the band, and twenty-five cents extra for reserved seats for the evening performance.

New York Excursion.

On April 12th, New York Central Railroad will run a cheap round trip excursion from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo for \$10.25, tickets good returning ten days. Full particulars may be had by writing L. Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto. Telephone Main 4361.